







M8244

## INTERCEPTED LETTERS;

OR, THE

## Twopenny Post-Bag.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

### TRIFLES REPRINTED.

RV

#### THOMAS BROWN,

THE YOUNGER.

Elapsæ manibus cecidêre tabellæ.

Sirteenth Edition.

WITH

A NEW PREFACE,
AND SEVERAL ADDITIONAL POEMS.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. CARPENTER AND SON, OLD BOND STREET.

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### DEDICATION.

TO

ST-N W-LR-E, ESQ.

MY DEAR W-E,

It is now about seven years since I promised (and I grieve to think it is almost as long since we met) to dedicate to you the very first Book, of whatever size or kind, I should publish. Who could have thought that so many years would elapse, without my giving the least signs of life upon the subject of this important promise? Who could

have imagined that a volume of doggerel, after all, would be the first offering that Gratitude would lay upon the shrine of Friendship?

If, however, you are as interested about me and my pursuits as formerly, you will be happy to hear that doggerel is not my *only* occupation; but that I am preparing to throw my name to the Swans of the Temple of Immortality\*, leaving it, of course, to the said Swans to determine, whether they ever will take the trouble of picking it from the stream.

In the mean time, my dear W——E, like a pious Lutheran, you must judge

<sup>\*</sup> Ariosto, Canto 35.

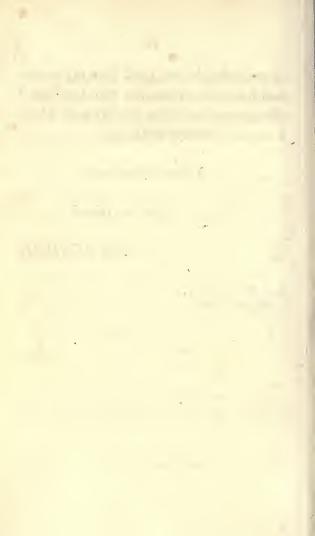
of me rather by my faith than my works, and however trifling the tribute which I offer, never doubt the fidelity with which I am, and always shall be,

Your sincere and

attached friend,

THE AUTHOR.

245, Piccadilly, March 4, 1813.



## PREFACE.

THE Bag, from which the following Letters are selected, was dropped by a Twopenny Postman about two morths since, and picked up by an emissary of the Society for the S-pp-ss-n of V-e, who, supposing it might materially assist the private researches of that Institution, immediately took it to his employers and was rewarded handsomely for his trouble. Such a treasury of secrets was worth a whole host of informers; and, accordingly, like the Cupids of the poet (if I may use so profane a simile) who "fell at odds about the sweet-bag of a bee \*," those venerable Suppressors almost fought with each other for the honour and delight of first ransacking the Post-Bag. Unluckily, however, it turned out upon examination, that the discoveries of profligacy which it enabled them to make, lay chiefly in those upper regions of society, which their well-bred regulations forbid them to molest or meddle with.-In consequence, they gained but very few victims by their prize, and, after lying for a week or two under Mr. H-TCH-D's counter, the Bag, with its violated contents, was sold for a trifle to a friend of mine.

It happened that I had been just then seized with an ambition (having never

<sup>\*</sup> Herrick.

tried the strength of my wing but in a Newspaper) to publish something or other in the shape of a Book; and it occurred to me that, the present being such a letter-writing era, a few of these Twopenny Post Epistles, turned into easy verse, would be as light and popular a task as I could possibly select for a commencement. I did not think it prudent, however, to give too many Letters at first, and, accordingly, have been obliged (in order to eke out a sufficient number of pages) to reprint some of those trifles, which had already appeared in the public journals. As in the battles of ancient times, the shades of the departed were sometimes seen among the combatants, so I thought I might remedy the thinness of my ranks, by conjuring up a few dead and forgotten ephemerons to fill them.

Such are the motives and accidents, that led to the present publication; and as this is the first time my Muse has ever ventured out of the go-cart of a Newspaper, though I feel all a parent's delight at seeing little Miss go alone, I am also not without a parent's anxiety, lest an unlucky fall should be the consequence of the experiment; and I need not point out the many living instances there are, of Muses that have suffered severely in their heads, from taking too early and rashly to their feet. Besides, a Book is so very different a thing from a Newspaper !- in the former, your doggerel, without either company or shelter, must stand shivering in the middle of a bleak white page by itself; whereas, in the latter, it is comfortably backed by advertisements, and has sometimes even a Speech of Mr. St-ph-n's, or something equally warm, for a *chauffe-pié*—so that, in general, the very reverse of "laudatur et alget" is its destiny.

Ambition, however, must run some risks, and I shall be very well satisfied if the reception of these few Letters, should have the effect of sending me to the Post-Bag for more.



## PREFACE

### TO THE FOURTEENTH EDITION.

BY A FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR.

In the first place, it is not true that Mr. Brown has had any accomplices in the work. A note, indeed, which

has hitherto accompanied his Preface, may very naturally have been the origin of such a supposition; but that note, which was merely the coquetry of an author, I have, in the present edition, taken upon myself to remove, and Mr. Brown must therefore be considered (like the mother of that unique production, the Centaur, μονα και μονον\*) as alone responsible for the whole contents of the volume.

In the next place it has been said, that in consequence of this graceless little book, a certain distinguished Per-

<sup>\*</sup> Pindar, Pyth. 2—My friend certainly cannot add ουτ' εν ανδρασι γερασφορον.

sonage prevailed upon another distinguished Personage to withdraw from the author that notice and kindness, with which he had so long and so liberally honoured him. There is not one syllable of truth in this story. For the magnanimity of the former of these persons I would, indeed, in no case answer too rashly; but of the conduct of the latter towards my friend, I have a proud gratification in declaring, that it has never ceased to be such as he must remember with indelible gratitude;a gratitude the more cheerfully and warmly paid, from its not being a debt incurred solely on his own account, but for kindness shared with those nearest and dearest to him.

To the charge of being an Irishman poor Mr. Brown pleads guilty; and I believe it must also be acknowledged that he comes of a Roman Catholic family: an avowal which, I am aware is decisive of his utter reprobation, in the eyes of those exclusive patentees of Christianity, so worthy to have been the followers of a certain enlightened Bishop, Donatus\*, who held "that God is in Africa and not elsewhere." But from all this it does not necessarily follow that Mr. Brown is a Papist; and, indeed, I have the strongest reasons for suspecting that they, who say so, are totally mistaken. Not that I presume to

<sup>\*</sup> Bishop of Casæ Nigræ, in the fourth century.

have ascertained his opinions upon such subjects; all I know of his orthodoxy is, that he has a Protestant wife and two or three little Protestant children, and that he has been seen at church every Sunday, for a whole year together, listening to the sermons of his truly reverend and amiable friend, Dr. ————, and behaving there as well and as orderly as most people.

There are a few more mistakes and falsehoods about Mr. Brown, to which I had intended, with all becoming gravity, to advert; but I begin to think the task is altogether as useless as it is tiresome. Calumnies and misrepresentations of this sort are, like the arguments and

statements of Dr. Duigenan, not at all the less vivacious or less serviceable to their fabricators, for having been refuted and disproved a thousand times over: they are brought forward again, as good as new, whenever malice or stupidity is in want of them, and are as useful as the old broken lanthorn, in Fielding's Amelia, which the watchman always keeps ready by him, to produce, in proof of riot, against his victims. I shall therefore give up the fruitless toil of vindication, and would even draw my pen over what I have already written, had I not promised to furnish the publisher with a Preface, and know not how else I could contrive to eke it out.

I have added two or three more trifles to this editon, which I found in the Morning Chronicle, and knew to be from the pen of my friend. The rest of the volume remains\* in its original state.

April 20, 1814.

\* A new reading has been suggested in the original of the Ode of Horace, freely translated by Lord ELD—N, page 73. In the line "Sive per Syrteis iter æstuosas," it is proposed, by a very trifling alteration, to read "Surtees," instead of "Syrteis," which brings the Ode, it is said, more home to the noble Translator, and gives a peculiar force and aptness to the epithet "æstuosas." I merely throw out this emendation for the learned, being unable myself to decide upon its merits.



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# INTERCEPTED LETTERS,

&c.

#### LETTER I.

FROM THE PR—NC—SS CH——E OF W——S
TO THE LADY B—RB—A A—SHL—Y\*.

My dear Lady BAB, you'll be shock'd, I'm afraid, When you hear the sad rumpus your Ponies have made;

Since the time of horse-consuls (now long out of date,)
No nags ever made such a stir in the State!

<sup>\*</sup> This young Lady, who is a Roman Catholic, has lately made a present of some beautiful Ponies to the Pr-nc-ss.

Lord ELD—N first heard—and as instantly pray'd he
To God and his King—that a Popish young Lady
(For though you've bright eyes and twelve thousand
a year,

It is still but too true you're a Papist, my dear)
Had insidiously sent, by a tall Irish groom,
Two priest-ridden Ponies, just landed from Rome,
And so full, little rogues, of pontifical tricks,
That the dome of St. Paul's was scarce safe from
their kicks!

Off at once to Papa, in a flurry, he flies—
For Papa always does what these statesmen advise,
On condition that they'll be, in turn, so polite
As, in no case whate'er, to advise him too right—
"Pretty doings are here, Sir, (he angrily cries,
While by dint of dark eyebrows he strives to look wise)
"Tis a scheme of the Romanists, so help me God!
"To ride over your most Royal Highness roughshod—

<sup>&</sup>quot;Excuse, Sir, my tears—they're from loyalty's source—

<sup>&</sup>quot;Bad enough'twas for Troy to be sack'd by a Horse,

<sup>&</sup>quot;But for us to be ruin'd by Ponies still worse!"

Quick a Council is call'd—the whole Cabinet sits— The Archbishops declare, frighten'd out of their wits,

That if vile Popish Ponies should eat at my manger, From that awful moment the Church is in danger! As, give them but stabling, and shortly no stalls Will suit their proud stomachs but those at St. Paul's.

The Doctor and he, the devout man of Leather,

V—NS—TT—T, now laying their Saint-heads together,

Declare that these skittish young a-bominations

Are clearly foretold in Chap. vi. Revelations—

Nay, they verily think they could point out the

one

Which the Doctor's friend Death was to canter upon!

Lord H—RR—BY, hoping that no one imputes
To the Court any fancy to persecute brutes,
Protests, on the word of himself and his cronies,
That had these said creatures been Asses, not
Ponies,

The Court would have started no sort of objection, As Asses were, there, always sure of protection.

- "If the PR—NC—ss will keep them, (says Lord C—stl—R—GH—)
- "To make them quite harmless the only true way,
- "Is (as certain Chief-Justices do with their wives)
- "To flog them within half an inch of their lives-
- "If they've any bad Irish blood lurking about,
- "This (he knew by experience) would soon draw it out."
- Or-if this be thought cruel-his Lordship proposes
- "The new Veto snaffle to bind down their noses-
- "A pretty contrivance, made out of old chains,
- "Which appears to indulge, while it doubly restrains;
- "Which, however high-mettled, their gamesomeness checks,
- (Adds his Lordship humanely) or else breaks their necks!"

This proposal receiv'd pretty general applause

From the Statesmen around—and the neck-breaking

clause

Had a vigour about it, which soon reconcil'd

Even ELD—N himself to a measure so mild.

So the snaffles, my dear, were agreed to nem. con.

And my Lord C—stl—R—GH, having so often shone

In the fettering line, is to buckle them on.

I shall drive to your door in these Vetos some day, But, at present, adieu!—I must hurry away To go see my Mamma, as I'm suffer'd to meet her For just half an hour by the Qu—N's best repeater.



#### LETTER II.

FROM COLONEL M'M—H—N TO G—LD
FR—NC—S L—CKIE, ESQ.

Dear Sir, I've just had time to look
Into your very learned Book \*.
Wherein—as plain as man can speak,
Whose English is half modern Greek—
You prove that we can ne'er intrench
Our happy isles against the French,
Till Royalty in England's made
A much more independent trade—
In short, until the House of Guelph
Lays Lords and Commons on the shelf,
And boldly sets up for itself!

All, that can well be understood In this said Book, is vastly good;

<sup>.</sup> See the last Number of the Edinburgh Review.

And, as to what's incomprehensible, I dare be sworn 'tis full as sensible.

But—to your work's immortal credit—
The P——E, good Sir, the P——E has read it.
(The only Book, himself remarks,
Which he has read since Mrs. CLARKE's)
Last Levee-morn he look'd it through.
During that awful hour or two
Of grave tonsorial preparation,
Which, to a fond, admiring nation,
Sends forth, aunounc'd by trump and drum,
The best-wigg'd P——E in Christendom!

He thinks with you, th' imagination Of partnership in legislation Could only enter in the noddles Of dull and ledger-keeping twaddles, Whose heads on firms are running so, They ev'n must have a King and Co. And hence, too, eloquently show forth On checks and balances and so forth.

But now, he trusts, we're coming near a Better and more royal era; When England's monarch need but say

"Whip me those scoundrels, C—STL—R—GH!"

Or—"hang me up those Papists, ELD—N,"

And 'twill be done—aye, faith, and well done.

With view to which, I've his command
To beg, Sir, from your travell'd hand,
(Round which the foreign graces swarm)
A Plan of radical Reform;
Compil'd and chos'n as best you can,
In Turkey or at Ispahan,
And quite upturning, branch and root,
Lords, Commons, and Burdétt to boot!

But, pray, whate'er you may impart, write

Somewhat more brief than Major C—RTWR—GHT.

Else, though the P——E be long in rigging,

"Twould take, at least, a fortnight's wigging,—

Two wigs to every paragraph—

Before he well could get through half.

You'll send it also speedily— As, truth to say, 'twixt you and me, His Highness, heated by your work, Already thinks himself Grand Turk! And you'd have laugh'd, had you seen how He scar'd the CH—NC—LL—R just now, When (on his Lordship's entering puff'd) he Slapp'd his back and call'd him "MUFTI!"

The tailors too have got commands,
To put directly into hands
All sorts of Dulimans and Pouches,
With Sashes, Turbans, and Paboutches,
(While Y—RM—TH's sketching out a plan
Of new Moustaches à l'Ottomane)
And all things fitting and expedient
To turkify our gracious R—G—NT!

You, therefore, have no time to waste— So, send your System.—

Your's, in haste.

#### POSTSCRIPT.

Before I send this scrawl away,
I seize a moment, just to say,
There's some parts of the Turkish system
So vulgar, 'twere as well you miss'd 'em.
For instance—in Seraglio matters—
Your Turk, whom girlish fondness flatters,
Would fill his Haram (tasteless fool!)
With tittering, red-cheek'd things from school—
But here (as in that fairy land,
Where Love and Age went hand in hand\*;

<sup>\*</sup> The learned Colonel must allude here to a description of the Mysterious Isle, in the History of Abdalla, Son of Hanif, where such inversions of the order of nature are said to have taken place.—"A score of old women and the same number of old men played here and there in the court, some at chuck-farthing, others at tip-cat or at cockles."—And again, "There is nothing, believe me, more engaging than those lovely wrinkles, &c. &c."—See Tales of the East, Vol. III. pp. 607, 608.

Where lips, till sixty, shed no honey, And Grandams were worth any money) Our Sultan has much riper notions—So, let your list of she-promotions Include those only, plump and sage, Who've reach'd the regulation-age; That is—as near as one can fix From Peerage dates—full fifty-six.

This rule's for fav'rites—nothing more— For, as to wives, a Grand Signor, Though not decidedly without them, Need never care one curse about them!

#### LETTER III.

FROM G. R. TO THE E- OF Y-\*.

We miss'd you last night at the "hoary old sinner's,"
Who gave us, as usual, the cream of good dinners—
His soups scientific—his fishes quite prime—
His patés superb—and his cutlets sublime!
In short, 'twas the snug sort of dinner to stir a
Stomachic orgasm in my Lord E———GH,
Who set to, to be sure, with miraculous force,
And exclaim'd, between mouthfuls, "a He-Cook,
of course!—

- "While you live—(what's there under that cover, pray, look)—
- "While you live—(I'll just taste it)—ne'er keep a She-Cook.

<sup>\*</sup> This letter, as the reader will perceive, was written the day after a dinner, given by the M--- of H-d-t.

- "Tis a sound Salic Law-(a small bit of that toast)-
- "Which ordains that a female shall ne'er rule the roast;
- "For Cookery's a secret—(this turtle's uncommon)—
- "Like Masonry, never found out by a woman!"

The dinner, you know, was in gay celebration
Of my brilliant triumph and H—nt's condemnation;
A compliment too to his Lordship the J—e
For his Speech to the J—y—and zounds! who
would grudge

Turtle-soup, though it came to five guineas a bowl,
To reward such a loyal and complaisant soul?
We were all in high gig—Roman Punch and Tokay
Travell'd round, till our heads travell'd just the same
way:

And we car'd not for Juries or Libels -- no-damme!

Ev'n for the threats of last Sunday's Examiner!

More good things were eaten than said—but Tom
T—RRH—T

In quoting Joe Miller, you know, has some merit,

And, hearing the sturdy Justiciary Chief
Say—sated with turtle—"I'll now try the beef"—
Tommy whisper'd him (giving his Lordship a sly hit)
"I fear 'twill be hung-beef, my Lord, if you try it!"

And C—MD—N was there, who, that morning, had gone

To fit his new Marquis's coronet on;
And the dish set before him—oh dish well-devis'd!—
Was, what old Mother GLASSE calls, "a calf'shead surpris'd!"

The brains were near -----; and once they'd been fine,

But, of late, they had lain so long soaking in wine, That, however we still might, in courtesy, call Them a fine dish of brains, they were no brains at all.

When the dinner was over, we drank, every one In a bumper, "the venial delights of Crim. Con." At which H—D—T with warm reminiscences gloated, And E—B'R—H chuckled to hear himself quoted.

Our next round of toasts was a fancy quite new, For we drank—and you'll own'twas benevolent tooTo those well-meaning husbands, cits, parsons, or peers,

Whom we've, any time, honour'd by kissing their dears:

This museum of wittols was comical rather;
Old H—D—T gave M—Y, and I gave —.

In short, not a soul till this morning would budge—We were all fun and frolic!—and even the J——E Laid aside, for the time, his juridical fashion, And through the whole night was not once in a passion!

I write this in bed, while my whiskers are airing,
And M—c has a sly dose of jalup preparing
For poorT—MMYT—RR—T at breakfast to quaff—
As I feel I want something to give me a laugh,
And there's nothing so good as old T—MMY, kept
close

To his Cornwall accounts, after taking a dose!

## LETTER IV.

FROM THE RIGHT HON. P-TR-CK D-G-N-N
TO THE RIGHT HON. SIR J-HN N-CH-L.

Dublin\*.

Last week, dear N—ch—L, making merry
At dinner with our Secretary,
When all were drunk, or pretty near,
(The time for doing business here)
Says he to me, "Sweet Bully Bottom!
"These Papist dogs—hiccup—od rot'em!
"Deserve to be bespatter'd—hiccup—
"With all the dirt ev'n you can pick up—

<sup>\*</sup> This letter, which contained some very heavy inclosures, seems to have been sent to London by a private hand, and then put into the Twopenny Post-Office, to save trouble. See the Appendix.

- "But, as the P-E-(here's to him-fill-
- " Hip, hip, hurra!)-is trying still
- "To humbug them with kind professions,
- "And, as you deal in strong expressions-
- "Rogue"-" traitor"-hiccup-and all that-
- "You must be muzzled, Doctor Pat!-
- "You must indeed-hiccup-that's flat."-

Yes—"muzzled" was the word, SIR JOHN—These fools have clapp'd a muzzle on
The boldest mouth that e'er ran o'er
With slaver of the times of yore \*!—
Was it for this that back I went
As far as Lateran and Trent,
To prove that they, who damn'd us then,
Ought now, in turn, be damn'd again!—
The silent victim still to sit
Of GR—TT—N's fire and C—NN—G's wit,
To hear ev'n noisy M—TH—w gabble on,
Nor mention once the W—e of Babylon!

<sup>\*</sup> In sending this sheet to the Press, however, I learn that the "muzzle" has been taken off, and the Right Hon. Doctor let loose again!

Oh! 'tis too much—who now will be
The Nightman of No-Popery?
What Courtier, Saint, or even Bishop,
Such learned filth will ever fish up?
If there among our ranks be one
To take my place, 'tis thou, SIR JOHN—
Thou—who, like me, art dubb'd Right Hon.
Like me too, art a Lawyer Civil
That wishes Papists at the devil!

To whom then but to thee, my friend,
Should PATRICK \* his Port-folio send?
Take it—'tis thine—his learn'd Port-folio,
With all its theologic olio
Of Bulls, half Irish and half Roman,—
Of Doctrines, now believ'd by no man—
Of Councils, held for men's salvation,
Yet always ending in damnation—
(Which shows that, since the world's creation,

torquetur Apollo Nomine percussus.

<sup>\*</sup> This is a bad name for poetry; but D-gen-n is worse.— As Prudentius says upon a very different subject—

Your Priests, whate'er their gentle shamming, Have always had a taste for damning)
And many more such pious scraps,
To prove (what we've long prov'd perhaps)
That, mad as Christians us'd to be
About the Thirteenth Century,
There's lots of Christians to be had
In this, the Nineteenth, just as mad!

Farewell—I send with this, dear N—cH—L!
A rod or two I've had in pickle
Wherewith to trim old GR—TT—N's jacket.—
The rest shall go by Monday's packet.

P. D.

Among the Inclosures in the foregoing Letter was the following "Unanswerable Argument against the Papists."

We're told the ancient Roman nation
Made use of spittle in lustration\*.—
(Vide Lactantium ap. Gallæum—†
i. e. you need not read but see 'em)
Now, Irish Papists (fact surprising!)
Make use of spittle in baptizing,
Which proves them all, O'FINNS, O'FAGANS,
CONNORS, and TOOLES, all downright Pagans!
This fact's enough—let no one tell us
To free such sad, salivous fellows—
No—No—the man, baptiz'd with spittle,
Hath no truth in him—not a tittle!

\* \_\_\_\_\_ lustralibus antè salivis
Expiat. Pers. Sat. 2.

<sup>†</sup> I have taken the trouble of examining the Doctor's reference here, and find him, for once, correct. The following are the words of his indignant refereé Gallæus—" Asserere non veremur sacrum baptismum a Papistis profanari, et sputi usum in peccatorum expiatione a Paganis non a Christianis manasse."

#### LETTER V.

# 

My dear Lady ——! I've been just sending out About five hundred cards for a snug little Rout— (By the bye, you've seen ROKEBY?—this moment got mine—

The Mail-Coach Edition \*—prodigiously fine!)
But I can't conceive how, in this very cold weather,
I'm ever to bring my five hundred together;
As, unless the thermometer's near boiling heat,
One can never get half of one's hundreds to meet—
(Apropos—you'd have laugh'd to see Townsend,
last night,

Escort to their chairs, with his staff so polite, The "three maiden Miseries," all in a fright!

<sup>\*</sup> See Mr. Murray's Advertisement about the Mail-Coach copies of Rokeby.

Poor TOWNSEND, like MERCURY, filling two posts, Supervisor of thieves, and chief-usher of ghosts!)

But, my dear Lady \_\_\_\_! can't you hit on some notion,

At least for one night to set London in motion?—
As to having the R—G—NT— that show is gone by—
Besides, I've remark'd that (between you and I)
The MARCHESA and he, inconvenient in more ways,
Have taken much lately to whispering in door-ways;
Which—consid'ring, you know, dear, the size of
the two—

Makes a block that one's company cannot get through,

And a house such as mine is, with door-ways so small,
Has no room for such cumbersome love-work at all!—
(Apropos, though, of love-work—you've heard it, I
hope,

That Napoleon's old Mother's to marry the Pope,—

What a comical pair!)—but, to stick to my Rout, 'Twill be hard if some novelty can't be struck out. Is there no ALGERINE, no KAMCHATKAN arriv'd? No Plenipo PACHA, three-tail'd and ten-wiv'd? No Russian, whose dissonant consonant name Almost rattles to fragments the trumpet of fame?

I remember the time, three or four winters back,
When—provided their wigs were but decently
black—

A few Patriot monsters, from SPAIN, were a sight That would people one's house for one, night after night.

But—whether the Ministers paw'd them too much—
(And you know how they spoil whatsoever they touch)

Or, whether Lord G-RGE (the young man about town)

Has, by dint of bad poetry, written them down—
One has certainly lost one's peninsular rage,
And the only stray Patriot seen for an age
Has been at such places (think, how the fit cools)
As old Mrs. V——N's or Lord L—V—RP—L's!

But, in short, my dear, names like WINTZTSCHIT-STOPSCHINZOUDHOFF

Are the only things now make an evining go smooth off—

So, get me a Russian—till death I'm your debtor— If he brings the whole Alphabet, so much the better. And—Lord! if he would but, in character, sup Off his fish-oil and candles, he'd quite set me up!

Au revoir, my sweet girl—I must leave you in haste— Little GUNTER has brought me the Liqueurs to taste.

#### POSTSCRIPT.

By the bye, have you found any friend that can construe

That Latin account, t'other day, of a Monster\*? If we can't get a Russian, and that thing in Latin Be not too improper, I think I'll bring that in.

<sup>\*</sup> Alluding, I suppose, to the Latin Advertisement of a Lusus Naturæ in the Newspapers lately.

#### LETTER VI.

FROM ABDALLAH\*, IN LONDON, TO MOHASSAN,
IN ISPAHAN.

Whilst thou, Mohassan, (happy thou!)
Dost daily bend thy loyal brow
Before our King—our Asia's treasure!
Nutmeg of Comfort! Rose of Pleasure!—
And bear'st as many kicks and bruises
As the said Rose and Nutmeg chooses;—
Thy head still near the bowstring's borders,
And but left on till further orders!—

<sup>\*</sup> I have made many inquiries about this Persian gentleman, but cannot satisfactorily ascertain who he is. From his notions of Religious Liberty, however, I conclude that he is an importation of Ministers; and he is arrived just in time to assist the P—E and Mr. L—CK—E in their new Oriental Plan of Reform.—See the second of these Letters.—How Abdallah's epistle to Ispahan found its way into the Twopenny Post-Bag is more than I can pretend to account for.

Through London streets, with turban fair,
And caftan, floating to the air,
I saunter on—the admiration
Of this short-coated population—
This sew'd-up race—this button'd nation—
Who, while they boast their laws so free,
Leave not one limb at liberty,
But live, with all their lordly speeches,
The slaves of buttons and tight breeches!

Yet, though they thus their knee-pans fetter,
(They're Christians, and they know no better)\*
In some things they're a thinking nation—
And, on Religious Toleration,
I own I like their notions quite,
They are so Persian and so right!
Uou know our SUNNITES †, hateful dogs!
Whom every pious SHIITE flogs

<sup>\* &</sup>quot;C'est un honnête homme," said a Turkish governor of De Ruyter, "c'est grand dommage qu'il soit Chretien."

<sup>†</sup> Sunnites and Shiites are the two leading sects into which the Mahometan world is divided; and they have

Or longs to flog \*—'tis true, they pray
To God, but in an ill-bred way;
With neither arms, nor legs, nor faces
Stuck in their right, canonic places †!
'Tis true, they worship All's name ‡—
Their Heav'n and ours are just the same—
(A Persian's Heav'n is eas'ly made,
'Tis but—black eyes and lemonade.)

gone on cursing and persecuting each other, without any intermission, for about eleven hundred years. The Sunni is the established sect in Turkey, and the Shia in Persia; and the differences between them turn chiefly upon those important points, which our pious friend Abdallah, in the true spirit of Shiite Ascendancy, reprobates in this Letter.

- \* "Les Sunnites, qui etoient comme les Catholiques de Musulmanisme." D'Herbelot.
- t "In contradistinction to the Sonnis, who in their prayers cross their hands on the lower part of the breast, the Schiahs drop their arms in straight lines; and as the Sonnis, at certain periods of the prayer, press their foreheads on the ground or carpet, the Schiahs, &c. &c."

Forster's Voyage.

; "Les Tures ne detestent pas Ali reciproquement; au contraire ils le reconnoissent, &c. &c." . Chardin.

Yet—though we've tried for centuries back—
We can't persuade the stubborn pack,
By bastinadoes, screws, or nippers,
To wear th' establish'd pea-green slippers\*!
Then—only think—the libertines!
They wash their toes—they comb their chins†
With many more such deadly sins!
And (what's the worst, though last I rank it)
Believe the Chapter of the Blanket!

Yet, spite of tenets so flagitious,
(Which must, at bottom, be seditious;
As no man living would refuse
Green slippers, but from treasonous views;
Nor wash his toes, but with intent
To overturn the government!)
Such is our mild and tolerant way,
We only curse them twice a day,

<sup>\* &</sup>quot;The Shiites wear green slippers, which the Sunnites consider as a great abomination." Mariti.

<sup>†</sup> For these points of difference, as well as for the Chapter of the Blanket, I must refer the reader (not having the book by me) to Picart's Account of the Mahometan Sects.

(According to a Form that's set)
And, far from torturing, only let
All orthodox believers beat 'em,
And twitch their beards, where'er they meet 'em.

As to the rest, they're free to do
Whate'er their fancy prompts them to,
Provided they make nothing of it
Tow'rds rank or honour, power or profit;
Which things, we nat'rally expect,
Belong to US, the Establish'd sect,
Who disbelieve (the Lord be thanked!)
Th' aforesaid Chapter of the Blanket.

The same mild views of Toleration Inspire, I find, this button'd nation, Whose Papists (full as giv'n to rogue, And only Sunnites with a brogue) Fare just as well, with all their fuss, As rascal Sunnites do with us.

The tender Gazel I inclose
Is for my love, my Syrian Rose—
Take it, when night begins to fall,
And throw it o'er her mother's wall.

#### GAZEL.

Rememberest thou the hour we past,
That hour, the happiest and the last!—
Oh! not so sweet the Siha thorn
To summer bees, at break of morn,
Not half so sweet, through dale and dell,
To Camels' ears the tinkling bell,
As is the soothing memory
Of that one precious hour to me!

How can we live, so far apart?

Oh! why not rather heart to heart,

United live and die—

Like those sweet birds, that fly together,

With feather always touching feather,

Link'd by a hook and eye\*!

<sup>\*</sup> This will appear strange to an English reader, but it is literally translated from Abdallah's Persian, and the curious bird to which he alludes is the Juftak, of which I find the following account in Richardson.—"A sort of bird, that is said to have but one wing; on the opposite side to which the male has a hook and the female a ring, so that, when they fly, they are fastened together."

#### LETTER VII.

FROM MESSRS. L—CK—GT—N AND CO.
TO———, ESQ \*.

PER Post, Sir, we send your MS.—look'd it thro'— Very sorry—but can't undertake—'twouldn't do. Clever work, Sir!—would get up prodigiously well— Its only defect is—it never would sell! And though Statesmen may glory in being unbought, In an Author, we think, Sir, that's rather a fault.

Hard times, Sir,—most books are too dear to be read—

Though the gold of Good-sense and Wit's smallchange are fled,

Yet the paper we Publishers pass, in their stead,

<sup>\*</sup> From motives of delicacy, and, indeed, of fellow-feeling, I suppress the name of the Author, whose rejected manuscript was inclosed in this letter.—See the Appendix.

Rises higher each day, and ('tis frightful to think it)
Not even such names as F—TZG—R—D's can sink
it!

However, Sir—if you're for trying again,

And at somewhat that's vendible—we are your

men.

Since the Chevalier C—RR took to marrying lately,
The Trade is in want of a Traveller greatly—
No job, Sir, more easy—your Country once plann'd,
A month aboard ship and a fortnight on land
Puts your Quarto of Travels, Sir, clean out of hand.

An East-India pamphlet's a thing that would tell—And a lick at the Papists is *sure* to sell well.

Or—supposing you've nothing *original* in you—Write Parodies, Sir, and such fame it will win you, You'll get to the Blue-stocking Routs of ALB—N—A\*!

<sup>\*</sup> This alludes, I believe, to a curious correspondence, which is said to have passed lately between Alb—N—A, Countess of B—ck—GH—MS—E, and a certain ingenious Parodist.

(Mind—not to her dinners— a second-hand Muse Mustn't think of aspiring to mess with the Blues.) Or—in case nothing else in this world you can do—The deuce is in't, Sir, if you cannot review!

Should you feel any touch of poetical glow,
We've a Scheme to suggest—Mr. Sc—TT, you must
know,

(Who, we're sorry to say it, now works for the Row\*)
Having quitted the Borders, to seek new renown,
Is coming, by long Quarto stages, to Town;
And beginning with ROKEBY (the job's sure to pay)
Means to do all the Gentlemen's Seats on the way.
Now, the Scheme is (though none of our hackneys
can beat him)

To start a fresh Poet through Highgate to meet him; Who, by means of quick proofs—no revises—long coaches—

May do a few Villas, before Sc—TT approaches—Indeed, if our Pegasus be not curst shabby,
He'll reach, without found'ring, at least WOBURN-ARBEY.

<sup>\*</sup> Paternoster Row.

Such, Sir, is our plan—if you're up to the freak,
"Tis a match! and we'll put you in training next
week—

At present, no more—in reply to this Letter, a Line will oblige very much

Your's, et cetera.

Temple of the Muses.

#### LETTER VIII.

Come to our Fête\*, and bring with thee
Thy newest, best embroidery!
Come to our Fête, and show again
That pea-green coat, thou pink of men!
Which charm'd all eyes, that last survey'd it;
When B——L's self inquir'd "who made it?"—
When Cits came wond'ring, from the East,
And thought thee Poet Pye at least!

Oh! come—(if haply 'tis thy week For looking pale)—with paly cheek; Though more we love thy roseate days, When the rich rouge-pot pours its blaze

<sup>\*</sup> This Letter inclosed a Card for the Grand Fête on the 5th of February.

Full o'er thy face, and, amply spread, Tips ev'n thy whisker-tops with red— Like the last tints of dying Day That o'er some darkling grove delay!

Bring thy best lace, thou gay Philander!

(That lace, like H—RRY AL—X—ND—R,
Too precious to be wash'd)—thy rings,
Thy seals—in short, thy prettiest things!
Put all thy wardrobe's glories on,
And yield, in frogs and fringe, to none
But the great R—G—T's self alone!
Who—by particular desire—
For that night only, means to hire
A dress from Romeo C—Tes, Esquire—
Something between ('twere sin to hack it)
The Romeo robe and Hobby jacket!
Hail, first of Actors\*! best of R—G—Ts!
Born for each other's fond allegiance!

\* Quem tu, Melpomene, semel
Nascentem placido lumine, videris, &c. Horat.

The Man, upon whom thou hast deign'd to look funny,
Thou great Tragic Muse! at the hour of his birth—
Let them say what they will, that's the Man for my money,
Give others thy tears, but let me have thy mirth!

Both gay Lotharios—both good dressers— Of Serious Farce both learn'd Professors— Both circled round, for use or show, With cock's-combs, wheresoe'er they go!

Thou know'st the time, thou man of lore! It takes to chalk a ball-room floor—
Thou know'st the time too, well-a-day! It takes to dance that chalk away\*.
The Ball-room opens—far and nigh Comets and suns beneath us lie;
O'er snowy moons and stars we walk,
And the floor seems a sky of chalk!
But soon shall fade the bright deceit,
When many a maid, with busy feet

The assertion that follows, however, is not verified in the instance before us.

non equus impiger
Curru ducet Achaico.

<sup>\*</sup> To those, who neither go to balls nor read the Morning Post, it may be necessary to mention that the floors of Ball-rooms, in general, are chalked, for safety and for ornament, with various fanciful devices.

That sparkle in the Lustre's ray,
O'er the white path shall bound and play
Like Nymphs along the Milky Way!—
At every step a star is fled,
And suns grow dim beneath their tread!
So passeth life—(thus Sc—TT would write,
And spinsters read him with delight)—
Hours are not feet, yet hours trip on,
Time is not chalk, yet time's soon gone \*!

But, hang this long digressive flight!

I meant to say, thou'lt see, that night,
What falsehood rankles in their hearts,
Who say the P——E neglects the arts—
Neglects the arts!—no ST——G! no;
Thy Cupids answer "'tis not so;"
And every floor, that night, shall tell
How quick thou daubest, and how well!
Shine as thou may'st in French vermillion,
Thou'rt best—beneath a French cotillion;

After all, however, Mr. Se—tt may well say to the Colonel, (and, indeed, to much better wags than the Colonel,) gaor μωμειοθαι η μιμειοθαι.

<sup>\*</sup> Hearts are not flint, yet flints are rent, Hearts are not steel, yet steel is bent.

And still com'st off, whate'er thy faults,
With flying colours in a Waltz!
Nor need'st thou mourn the transient date
To thy best works assign'd by fate—
While some chef-d'oeuvres live to weary one,
Thine boast a short life and a merry one;
Their hour of glory past and gone
With "Molly, put the kettle on!"

But, bless my soul! I've scarce a leaf Of paper left—so, must be brief.

This festive Fête, in fact will be
The former Fête's fac-simile\*;
The same long Masquerade of Rooms,
Trick'd in such different, quaint costumes,
(These, P—RT—R, are thy glorious works!)
You'd swear Egyptians, Moors and Turks,
Bearing Good-Taste some deadly malice,
Had clubb'd to raise a Pic-Nic Palace;

<sup>\* &</sup>quot;C-rl-t-n H—e will exhibit a complete facsimile, in respect to interior ornament, to what it did at the last Fête. The same splendid draperies, &c. &c."

Morning Post.

And each, to make the oglio pleasant, Had sent a State-Room as a present!— The same fauteuils and girondoles— The same gold Asses\*, pretty souls! That, in this rich and classic dome, Appear so perfectly at home! The same bright river 'mongst the dishes, But not—ali! not the same dear fishes— Late hours and claret kill'd the old ones !-So, 'stead of silver and of gold ones, (It being rather hard to raise Fish of that specie now-a-days) Some Sprats have been, by Y-RM-TH's wish, Promoted into Silver Fish, And Gudgeons (so V-NS-TT-T told The R—G—T) are as good as Gold!

So, pr'ythee, come—our Fête will be But half a Fête, if wanting thee!

J. T.

<sup>\*</sup> The salt-cellars on the P—E's own table were in the form of an Ass with panniers.

# TRIFLES

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## TRIFLES.

### THE INSURRECTION OF THE PAPERS.

A DREAM.

"It would be impossible for his Royal Highness to disengage his person from the accumulating pile of papers that encompassed it."

Lord Castlereagh's Speech upon Colonel M'Mahon's Appointment.

Last night I toss'd and turn'd in bed,
But could not sleep—at length I said
"I'll think of Viscount C—stl—R—GH,
"And of his speeches—that's the way."
And so it was, for instantly
I slept as sound as sound could be.

And then I dream'd—oh frightful dream!

Fuseli has no such theme;

——never wrote or borrow'd

Any horror, half so horrid!

Methought the P——E, in whisker'd state, Before me at his breakfast sate; On one side lay unread Petitions, On t'other, Hints from five Physicians—Here tradesmen's bills, official papers, Notes from my Lady, drams for vapours—There plans of saddles, tea and toast, Death-warrants and the Morning Post...

When lo! the Papers, one and all,
As if at some magician's call,
Began to flutter of themselves
From desk and table, floor and shelves,
And, cutting each some different capers,
Advanc'd, oh jacobinic papers!
As though they said, "our sole design is
"To suffocate his Royal Highness!"
The Leader of this vile sedition
Was a huge Catholic Petition,

With grievances so full and heavy.
It threaten'd worst of all the bevy.
Then Common-Hall Addresses came
In swaggering sheets, and took their aim
Right at the R—g—t's well-dress'd head,
As if determin'd to be read!
Next Tradesmen's Bills began to fly,
And Tradesmen's Bills, we know, mount high;
Nay ev'n Death-Warrants thought they'd best
Be lively too, and join the rest.

But, oh the basest of defections!

His Letter about "predilections"—

His own dear Letter, void of grace,

Now flew up in its parent's face!

Shock'd with this breach of filial duty,

He just could murmur "et Tu Brute?"

Then sunk, subdued upon the floor

At Fox's bust, to rise no more!

I wak'd—and pray'd, with lifted hand,
"Oh! never may this Dream prove true;
"Though Paper overwhelms the land,
"Let it not crush the Sovereign too!"

### PARODY

#### OF A CELEBRATED LETTER.

AT length, dearest FREDDY, the moment is nigh, When, with P-RC-v-L's leave, I may throw my chains by;

And, as time now is precious, the first thing I do, Is to sit down and write a wise letter to you.

I meant before now to have sent you this Letter,
But Y—RM—TH and I thought perhaps 'twould be
better

To wait till the Irish affairs were decided—

That is, till both Houses had prosed and divided,

With all due appearance of thought and digestion—
For, though H—RTF—RD House had long settled
the question,

I thought it but decent, between me and you, That the two other Houses should settle it two.

I need not remind you how cursedly bad
Our affairs were all looking, when Father went mad;
A strait waistcoat on him and restrictions on me,
A more limited Monarchy could not well be.
I was call'd upon then, in that moment of puzzle,
To choose my own Minister—just as they muzzle
A playful young bear, and then mock his disaster,
By bidding him choose out his own dancing-master.

I thought the best way, as a dutiful son,
Was to do as Old Royalty's self would have done.
So I sent word to say, I would keep the whole batch in,
The same chest of tools, without cleansing or
patching;

For tools of this kind, like MARTINUS'S sconce \*, Would lose all their beauty, if purified once;

<sup>\*</sup> The antique shield of Martinus Scriblerus, which, upon scouring, turned out to be only an old Sconce.

And think—only think—if our Father should find,
Upon graciously coming again to his mind,
That improvement had spoil'd any favourite adviser—
'That R—se was grown honest, or W-stm-rel-nd
wiser—

That R-D-R was, ev'n by one twinkle, the brighter—
Or L-v-RP-L's speeches but half a pound lighter—
What a shock to his old royal heart it would be!
No!—far were such dreams of improvement from me:
And it pleased me to find, at the house, where, you know,

There's such good mutton cutlets, and strong curaçoa\*,

That the Marchioness call'd me a duteous old boy, And my Y-RM-TH's red whiskers grew redder for joy!

You know, my dear FREDDY, how oft, if I would, By the law of last Sessions I might have done good. I might have withheld these political noodles From knocking their heads against hot Yankee Doodles;

<sup>\* &#</sup>x27;The letter-writer's favourite luncheon.

I might have told Ireland I pitied her lot,

Might have sooth'd her with hope—but you know I

did not.

And my wish is, in truth, that the best of old fellows Should not, on recovering, have cause to be jealous, But find that, while he has been laid on the shelf, We've been all of us nearly as mad as himself. You smile at my hopes—but the Doctors and I, Are the last that can think the K—NG ever will die!

A new era's arriv'd—though you'd hardly believe it—

And all things, of course, must be new to receive it.

New villas, new fétes (which ev'n WAITHMAN attends)—

New saddles, new helmets, and—why not new friends?

\* \* \*
I repeat it "New Friends"—for I cannot describe

The delight I am in with this P—RC—v—L tribe.

Such capering !- Such vapouring ! - Such rigour-Such vigour?

North, South, East, and West, they have cut such a figure,

That soon they will bring the whole world round our ears, - 9,1

And leave us no friends-but Old Nick and Algiers, When I think of the glory they've beam'd on my chains.

'Tis enough quite to turn my illustrious brains! It is true we are bankrupts in commerce and riches, But think how we furnish our Allies with breeches! We've lost the warm hearts of the Irish, 'tis granted, But then we've got Java, an island much wanted, To put the last lingering few who remain, Of the Walcheren warriors, out of their pain. Then how WELLINGTON fights! and how squabbles his brother!

For Papists the one, and with Papists the other: One crushing NAPOLEON by taking a City, While t'other lays waste a whole Cath'lic Committee! Oh deeds of renown!-shall I boggle or flinch, With such prospects before me? by Jove, not an inch. No—let England's affairs go to rack, if they will,
We'll look after th' affairs of the Continent still,
And, with nothing at home but starvation and riot,
Find Lisbon in bread, and keep Sicily quiet.
I am proud to declare I have no predilections,
My heart is a sieve, where some scatter'd affections
Are just danc'd about for a moment or two,
And the finer they are, the more sure to run through:
Neither have I resentments, nor wish there should
come ill

To mortal—except (now I think on't) BEAU BR-MM-L,

Who threaten'd last year, in a superfine passion, To cut me, and bring the old K—NG into fashion. This is all I can lay to my conscience at present, When such is my temper, so neutral, so pleasant, So royally free from all troublesome feelings, So little encumber'd by faith in my dealings, (And that I'm consistent the world will allow, What I was at Newmarket, the same I am now.) When such are my merits (you know I hate cracking,) I hope, like the Vender of Best Patent Blacking, "To meet with the gen'rous and kind approbation Of a candid, enlighten'd, and liberal nation."

By the bye, ere I close this magnificent Letter, (No man, except Pole, could have writ you a better.)

'Twould please me if those, whom I've humbug'd so long

With the notion (good men!) that I knew right from wrong,

Would a few of them join me—mind, only a few—To let too much light in on me never would do;
But even Grey's brightness shan't make me afraid,
While I've C—MD—N and ELD—N to fly to for shade;
Nor will Holland's clear intellect do us much harm,

While there's W-STM-REL-ND near him to weaken the charm.

As for Moira's high spirit, if aught can subdue it,
Sure joining with H—RTF—RD and Y—RM—TH
will do it!

Between R-D-R and WH-RT-N let SHERIDAN sit,

And the fogs will soon quench even Sheridan's wit; And against all the pure public feeling that glows Ev'n in Whitbread himself we've a Host in G-RGE R-SE! So, in short, if they wish to have Places, they may, And I'll thank you to tell all these matters to GREY, Who, I doubt not, will write (as there's no time to lose,)

By the twopenny post to tell GRENVILLE the news; And now, dearest FRED, (though I've no predilection,)

Believe me your's always with truest affection.

P. S. A copy of this is to P—RC—L going—Good Lord! how St. Stephen's will ring with his crowing!

## ANACREONTIC

### TO A PLUMASSIER.

FINE and feathery artisan!

Best of Plumists, if you can

With your art so far presume,

Make for me a P——E's Plume—

Feathers soft and feathers rare,

Such as suits a P——E to wear!

First, thou downiest of men!
Seek me out a fine Pea-hen;
Such a Hen, so tall and grand,
As by Juno's side might stand,
If there were no Cocks at hand!
Seek her feathers, soft as down,
Fit to shine on P——E's crown;
If thou canst not find them, stupid!
Ask the way of PRIOR'S Cupid.

Ranging these in order due,
Pluck me next an old Cuckoo;
Emblem of the happy fates
Of easy kind, cornuted mates!
Pluck him well—be sure you do—
Who wouldn't be an old Cukoo,
Thus to have his plumage blest,
Beaming on a R—y—1 crest?

Bravo, Plumist!—now what bird
Shall we find for Plume the third?
You must get a learned Owl,
Bleakest of black-letter fowl—
Bigot bird, that hates the light,
Foe to all that's fair and bright!
Seize his quills, (so form'd to pen
Books, that shun the search of men;
Books, that, far from every eye,
In "swelter'd venom sleeping" lie!)
Stick them in between the two,
Proud Pea-hen and old Cuckoo.

Now you have the triple feather, Bind the kindred stems together With a silken tie, whose hue
Once was brilliant Buff and Blue;
Sullied now—alas how much!
Only fit for Y—RM—TH's touch.

There—enough—thy task is done;
Present worthy G——GE'S Son!
Now, beneath, in letters neat,
Write "I SERVE" and all's complete.

### **EXTRACTS**

#### FROM THE DIARY OF A POLITICIAN.

Wednesday.

Through M—NCH—st—R Square took a canter just now—

Met the old yellow chariot, and made a low bow.

This I did, of course, thinking 'twas loyal and civil,
But got such a look—oh 'twas black as the devil!

How unlucky!—incog. he was trav'lling about,
And I, like a noodle, must go find him out!

Mem.—when next by the old yellow chariot I ride, To remember there is nothing Princely inside.

Thursday.

At Levee to-day mode another sad blunder—
What can be come over me lately, I wonder?
The P——E was as cheerful, as if, all his life,
He had never been troubled with Friends or a Wife—

"Fine weather" says he—to which I, who must prate,
Answer'd "yes, Sir, but changeable rather, of late."
He took it, I fear, for he look'd somewhat gruff,
And handled his new pair of whiskers so rough,
That before all the courtiers I fear'd they'd come off,
And then, Lord, how GERAMB would triumphantly
scoff!

Mem.—to buy for son DICKY some unguent or lotion To nourish his whiskers—sure road to promotion\*!

Saturday.

Last night a Concert—vastly gay—
Given by Lady C—stl—R—GH.

My Lord loves music, and, we know,
Has two strings always to his bow.
In choosing songs, the R—G—T nam'd
"Had I a heart for falsehood fram'd."
While gentle H—RTF—D begg'd and pray'd
For "Young I am and sore afraid."

<sup>\*</sup> England is not the only country, where merit of this kind is noticed and rewarded. "I remember" says Tavernier "to have seen one of the King of Persia's porters, whose mustaches were so long that he could tie them behind his neck, for which reason he had a double pension."

## EPIGRAM\*.

What news, to day?—"Oh! worse and worse— "M—c is the PR—E's Privy Purse!"—
The PR—CE's Purse! no, no, you fool,
You mean the PR—CE's Ridicule.

\* This is a bon-mot, attributed, I know not how truly, to the PR-c-ss of W-Es. I have merely versified it.

## KING CRACK\* AND HIS IDOLS.

WRITTEN AFTER THE LATE NEGOCIATION FOR A NEW M-N-STRY.

King Crack was the best of all possible Kings, (At least, so his Courtiers would swear to you gladly,)

But CRACK now and then would do het'rodox things, And, at last, took to worshipping *Images* sadly.

Some broken-down IDOLS, that long had been plac'd In his Father's old *Cabinet*, pleas'd him so much, That he knelt down and worshipp'd, though—such was his taste!—

They were monstrous to look at and rotten to touch!

\* One of those antediluvian Princes, with whom Manetho and Whiston seem so intimately acquainted. If we had the Memoirs of Thoth, from which Manetho compiled his History, we should find, I dare say, that CRACK was only a Regent, and that he, perhaps, succeeded Typhon, who (as Whiston says) was the last King of the Antediluvian Dynasty.

And these were the beautiful Gods of KING CRACK!—

Till his People, disdaining to worship such things, Cried aloud, one and all, "Come, your Godships must pack—

"You will not do for us, though you may do for Kings."

Then, trampling the gross IDOLs under their feet,
They sent CRACK a petition, beginning "Great
Cæsar!

"We are willing to worship; but only entreat
"That you'll find us some decenter Godheads
than these are."

"I'll try," says KING CRACK—then they furnish'd him models

Of better-shap'd Gods, but he sent them all back;

Some were chisell'd too fine, some had heads 'stead of noddles,

In short, they were all much too godlike for CRACK!

So he took to his darling old IDOLS again,

And, just mending their legs and new bronzing
their faces,

In open defiance of Gods and of men,

Set the monsters up grinning once more in their

places!

## WHAT'S MY THOUGHT LIKE?

Quest. Why is a Pump like V—sc—NT C—sTL— R—GH?

Answ. Because it is a slender thing of wood,
That up and down its awkward arm doth sway,
And coolly spout and spout and spout away,
In one weak, washy, everlasting flood!

### EPIGRAM.

- DIALOGUE BETWEEN A CATHOLIC DELEGATE
  AND HIS R-Y-L H-GHN-SS THE D-E
  OF C-B-L-D.
- Said his Highness to NED, with that grim face of his, "Why refuse us the Veto, dear Catholic NEDDY?"—
- "Because, Sir," said NED, looking full in his phiz,
  "You're forbidding enough, in all conscience,
  already!"

### WREATHS FOR THE MINISTERS.

#### AN ANACREONTIC.

HITHER, FLORA, Queen of Flowers!
Haste thee from Old Brompton's bowers—
Or, (if sweeter that abode)
From the King's well-odour'd Road,
Where each little nursery bud
Breathes the dust and quaffs the mud!
Hither come, and gaily twine
Brightest herbs and flowers of thine
Into wreaths for those, who rule us,
Those, who rule and (some say) fool us—
FLORA, sure, will love to please
England's HOUSEHOLD DEITIES\*!

First you must then, willy-nilly, Fetch me many an orange lily—

<sup>\*</sup> The ancients, in like manner, crowned their Lares, or Household Gods. See Juvenal, Sat. 9. v. 138.—Plutarch too tells us that Household Gods were then, as they are now, "much given to War and penal Statutes. ειννυωδεις και ποινιμως δαιμονας.

Orange of the darkest dye
Irish G—FF—RD can supply!
Choose me out the longest sprig,
And stick it in old ELD—N's wig!

Find me next a Poppy posy,

Type of his harangues so dozy,

Garland gaudy, dull and cool

For the head of L—v—RP—L—!

'Twill console his brilliant brows

For that loss of laurel boughs,

Which they suffer'd (what a pity)

On the road to Paris City.

Next, our C—stl—R—GH to crown, Bring me, from the County Down, Wither'd Shamrocks, which have been Gilded o'er, to hide the green— (Such as H—DF—T brought away From Pall-Mall last Patrick's-Day\*)

<sup>\*</sup> Certain tinsel imitations of the Shamrock which are distributed by the Servants of C————n House every Patrick's-Day.

Stitch the garland through and through With shabby threads of every hue—
And as, Goddess!—entre nous—
His Lordship loves (though best of men)
A little torture, now and then,
Crimp the leaves, thou first of Syrens!
Crimp them with thy curling-irons.

That's enough—away, away—
Had I leisure, I could say
How the oldest rose that grows
Must be pluck'd to deck Old R—E—
How the DOCTOR's brow should smile
Crown'd with wreaths of camomile!
But time presses—to thy taste
I leave the rest, so, prithee, haste!

## EPIGRAM.

- DIALOGUE BETWEEN A DOWAGER AND HER MAID ON THE NIGHT OF LORD Y-RM-TH'S FETE.
- "I want the Court-Guide" said my Lady "to look "If the House, Seymour Place, be at 30 or 20"—
- "We've lost the Court-Guide, Ma'am, but here's the Red Book,"
  - "Where you'll find, I dare say, Seymour PLACES in plenty!"

## HORACE, ODE xi. LIB. ii.

#### FREELY TRANSLATED BY G. R. \*

† Come, Y-RM-TH, my boy, never trouble your brains,
About what your old croney,
The Emperor Boney,
Is doing or brewing on Muscovy's plains;

\* This and the following are extracted from a Work, which may, some time or other, meet the eye of the Public—entitled "Odes of Horace, done into English by several Persons of Fashion."

† Quid bellicosus Cantaber et Scythes Hirpine Quincti, cogitet, Adria Divisus objecto, remittas Quærere. \* Nor tremble, my lad, at the state of our granaries:
Should there come famine,
Still plenty to cram in
You always shall have, my dear Lord of the
Stannaries!

Brisk let us revel, while revel we may;

- † For the gay bloom of fifty soon passes away, And then people get fat, And infirm, and—all that,
- And a wig (I confess it) so clumsily sits,

  That it frightens the little Loves out of their wits;
- § Thy whiskers, too, Y—RM—TH!—alas, even they,
  Though so rosy they burn,
  Too quickly must turn
  (What a heart-breaking change for thy whiskers!)
  - \* Nec trepides in usum Poscentis ævi pauca.
  - † Fugit retro Levis juventas et decor.
  - ‡ Pellente lascivos amores Canicie.
  - § neque uno Luna rubens nitet

\* Then why, my Lord Warden! oh! why should you fidget

Your mind about matters you don't understand?

Or why should you write yourself down for an idiot,

Because "you," forsooth, "have the pen in your hand!"

Think, think how much better Than scribbling a letter, (Which both you and I Should avoid, by the bye,)

† How much pleasanter 'tis to sit under the bust Of old CHARLEY, my friend here, and drink like a new one:

While CHARLEY looks sulky and frowns at me, just

As the Ghost in the Pantomime frowns at Don Juan!

<sup>\* —</sup> quid æternis minorem Consiliis animum fatigas?

t Cur non sub alta vel platano, vel hac Pinu jacentes sic temere———

\* To crown us, Lord Warden! In C—MB—RL—ND's garden

Grows plenty of monk's hood in venomous sprigs;
While Otto of Roses

Refreshing all noses

Shall sweetly exhale from our whiskers and wigs.

And see if the gentle Marchesa be there?

ŀ	rosâ
	Canos odorati capillos
	Dum licet, Assyriaque nardo
	Potamus uncti.
t	Quis puer ocyus

Restinguet ardentis Falerni Pocula prætereunte lympha?

Go-bid her haste hither,

\* And let her bring with her

The newest No-Popery Sermon that's going—
† Oh! let her come, with her dark tresses flowing,
All gentle and juvenile, curly and gay,
In the manner of—ACKERMANN'S Dresses for
May!

- \* eburna dic age cum lyra (qu. liar-a)
  Maturet.
- † Incomtum Lacænæ More comam religata nodum.

## HORACE, ODE xxii. LIB. i.

#### FREELY TRANSLATED BY LORD ELD-N.

- \* The man who keeps a conscience pure,
  (If not his own, at least his Prince's,)
  Through toil and danger walks secure,
  Looks big and black, and never winces!
- † No want has he of sword or dagger, Cock'd hat or ringlets of GERAMB; Though Peers may laugh, and Papists swagger, He does not care one single d-mn!
  - \* Integer vitæ scelerisque purus.
  - † Non eget Mauri jaculis neque arcu, Nec venenatis gravida sagittis Fusce, pharetra:

\* Whether midst Irish chairmen going, Or through St. Giles's alleys dim, 'Mid drunken Sheelahs, blasting, blowing, No matter, 'tis all one to him.

t For instance, I, one evening late,
Upon a gay vacation sally,
Singing the praise of Church and State,
Got (God knows how) to Cranbourne-Alley.

\* Sive per Syrteis iter æstuosas, Sive facturus per inhospitalem Caucasum, vel quæ loca fabulosus Lambit Hydaspes.

The Noble Translator had, at first, laid the scene of these imagined dangers of his Man of Conscience among the Papists of Spain, and had translated the words "que loca fabulosus lambit Hydaspes" thus—"The fabling Spaniard licks the French;" but, recollecting that it is our interest just now to be respectful to Spanish Catholics (though there is certainly no earthly reason for our being even commonly civil to Irish ones,) he altered the passage as it stands at present.

t Namque me silvå lupus in Sabina, Dum meam canto Lalagen, et ultra Terminum curis vagor expeditis Fugit inermem. When lo! an Irish Papist darted
Across my path, gaunt, grim and big—
I did but frown, and off he started,
Scar'd at me even without my wig!

\* Yet a more fierce and raw-bon'd dog Goes not to Mass in Dublin City, Nor shakes his brogue o'er Allen's Bog, Nor spouts in Catholic Committee!

I cannot help calling the reader's attention to the peculiar ingenuity with which these lines are paraphrased. Not to mention the happy conversion of the Wolf into a Papist (seeing that Romulus was suckled by a wolf, that Rome was founded by Romulus, and that the Pope has always reigned at Rome,) there is something particularly neat in supposing "ultra terminum" to mean vacation-time; and then the modest consciousness with which the Noble and Learned Translator has avoided touching upon the words "curis expeditis," (or, as it has been otherwise read, causis "expeditis,") and the felicitous idea of his being "inermis" when "without his wig," are altogether the most delectable specimens of paraphrase in our language.

\* Quale portentum neque militaris
Daunia in latis alit æsculetis,
Ncc Jubæ tellus generat, leonum
Arida nutrix.

\* Oh! place me midst O'ROURKES, O'TOOLES,
The ragged royal-blood of TARA;
Or place me where DICK M—RT—N rules
The houseless wilds of CONNEMARA:

† Of Church and State I'll warble still

Though ev'n DICK M-RT-N's self should
grumble;

Sweet Church and State, like JACK and JILL, † So lovingly upon a hill—

- Ah! ne'er like JACK and JILL to tumble!

Pone me pigris ubi nulla campis
 Arbor æstiva recreatur anra:
 Quod latus mundi, nebulæ, malusque
 Jupiter urget.

I must here remark, that the said Dick M—RT—N being a very good fellow, it was not at all fair to make a "malus Jupiter" of him.

† Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo Dulce loquentem.

† There cannot be imagined a more happy illustration of the inseparability of Church and State, and their (what is called) "standing and falling together," than this ancient apologue of JACK and JILL. JACK, of course, represents the State in this ingenious little Allegory.

JACK fell down, And broke his Crown, And Jill came tumbling after.

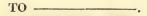
### EPIGRAM.

#### FROM THE FRENCH.

"I never give a kiss, (says Prue)
"To naughty man, for I abhor it."
She will not give a kiss, 'tis true;
She'll take one though, and thank you for it!

# ON A SQUINTING POETESS.

To no one Muse does she her glance confine, But has an eye, at once, to all the Nine!



Moria pur quaudo vuol, non è bisogna mutar ni faccia ni voce per esser un Angelo \*.

DIE when you will, you need not wear
At Heaven's Court a form more fair
Than Beauty here on earth has given;
Keep but the lovely looks we see—
The voice we hear—and you will be
An angel ready-made for Heaven!

<sup>\*</sup> The words addressed by Lord Herbert of Cherbury to the beautiful Nun at Murano.—See his Life.

#### THE

### NEW COSTUME OF THE MINISTERS.

Ovid Metamorph. L. i. v. 437.

Having sent off the troops of brave Major Camac, With a swinging horse-tail at each valorous back, And such helmets, God bless us! as never deck'd any Male creature before, except Signor Giovanni—"Let's see" said the R—G—T (like Titus, perplex'd With the duties of empire) "whom shall I dress next?"

He looks in the glass—but perfection is there, Wig, whiskers, and chin-tufts all right to a hair\*;

\* That model of Princes, the Emperor Commodus, was particularly luxurious in the dressing and ornamenting of his hair. His conscience, however, would not suffer him to trust himself with a barber, and he used, accordingly, to burn off his beard—"timore tonsoris," says Lampridius. (Hist. August. Scriptor.) The dissolute Ælius Verus, too, was equally attentive to the decoration of his wig. (See

Not a single ex-curl on his forehead he traces— For curls are like Ministers, strange as the case is, The falser they are, the more firm in their places.

His coat he next views—but the coat who could doubt?

For his Y-RM-TH's own Frenchified hand cut it out;

Every pucker and seam were made matters of state, Aud a Grand Household Council was held on each plait!

Then whom shall he dress? shall he new-rig his brother

Great C-MB-RL-D's Duke, with some kickshaw or other?

And kindly invent him more Christian-like shapes
For his feather-bed neckcloths and pillory capes?
Ah! no—here his ardour would meet with delays,
For the Duke had been lately pack'd up in new
Stays,

Jul. Capitolin.)—Indeed, this was not the only princely trait in the character of Verns, as he had likewise a most hearty and dignified contempt for his Wife.—See his insulting answer to her in Spartianus.

So complete for the winter, he saw very plain 'Twould be devilish hard work to unpack him again!

So, what's to be done?—there's the MINISTERS, bless 'em!—

As he made the puppets, why shouldn't he dress'em?
"An excellent thought!—call the tailors—be nimble—

"Let CUM bring his spy-glass, and H-RTF-D her thimble;

"While Y-RM-TH shall give us, in spite of all quizzers,

"The last Paris cut with his true Gallic scissars."

So saying, he calls C—stl—R—GH, and the rest Of his heaven-born statesmen, to come and be drest.

While Y-RM-TH, with snip-like and brisk expedition,

Cuts up, all at once, a large Cath'lic Petition

In long tailors' measures, (the P—E crying "well-done!")

And first puts in hand my Lord Chancellor ELD-N.

#### CORRESPONDENCE

BETWEEN A LADY AND GENTLEMAN, UPON THE ADVANTAGE OF (WHAT IS CALLED) "HAVING LAW ON ONE'S SIDE."

#### THE GENTLEMAN'S PROPOSAL.

"LEGGE AUREA, S'ei piace, ei lice."

COME, fly to these arms, nor let beauties so bloomy

To one frigid owner be tied;

Your prudes may revile, and your old ones look gloomy,

But, dearest! we've LAW on our side.

Oh! think the delight of two lovers congenial,
Whom no dull decorums divide;

Their error how sweet, and their raptures how venial, When once they've got Law on their side! 'Tis a thing, that in every King's reign has been done, too:

Then why should it now be decried?

If the Father has done it, why shouldn't the Son, too?

For so argues LAW on our side!

And, ev'n should our sweet violation of duty.

By cold-blooded jurors be tried,

They can but bring it in "a misfortune," my beauty,

As long as we've LAW on our side.

#### THE LADY'S ANSWER.

Hold, hold, my good Sir! go a little more slowly;
For, grant me so faithless a bride,
Such sinners as we, are a little too lowly,
To hope to have Law on our side.

Had you been a great Prince, to whose star shining o'er 'em

The People should look for their guide,
Then your Highness, (and welcome!) might kick
down decorum—

You'd always have LAW on your side.

Were you ev'n an old Marquis, in mischief grown hoary,

Whose heart, though it long ago died

To the pleasures of vice, is alive to its glory—
You still would have LAW on your side!

But for you, Sir, Crim. Con. is a path full of troubles;
By my advice therefore abide,

And leave the pursuit to those Princes and Nobles Who have such a LAW on their side!

#### OCCASIONAL ADDRESS

FOR THE OPENING OF THE NEW THEATRE OF ST. ST—PH—N, INTENDED TO HAVE BEEN SPOKEN BY THE PROPRIETOR IN FULL COSTUME, ON THE 24TH OF NOVEMBER.

This day a New House, for your edification,
We open, most thinking and right-headed nation!
Excuse the materials—though rotten and bad,
They're the best that for money just now could be had;

And, if echo the charm of such houses should be, You will find it shall echo my speech to a T.

As for actors, we've got the old Company yet,
The same motley, odd, tragi-comical set:
And consid'ring they all were but clerks t'other day,
It is truly surprising how well they can play.
Our Manager (he, who in Ulster was nurst,
And sung Erin go Brah for the galleries first,

But, on finding Pitt-interest a much better thing, Chang'd his note of a sudden, to God save the King; Still wise as he's blooming, and fat as he's clever, Himself and his speeches as lengthy as ever, Here offers you still the full use of his breath, Your devoted and long-winded proser till death!

You remember last season, when things went perverse on,

We had to engage (as a block to rehearse on,)
One Mr. V—NS—TT—T, a good sort of person,
Who's also employ'd for this season to play,
In "Raising the Wind," and "the Devil to Pay."
We expect too—at least we've been plotting and
planning—

To get that great actor from Liverpool, C—NN—NG; And, as at the Circus there's nothing attracts, Like a good single combat brought in 'twixt the acts, If the Manager should, with the help of Sir P—PH—M,

Get up new diversions, and C-NN-NG should stop 'em,

Who knows but we'll have to announce in the papers, "Grand fight—second time—with additional capers."

Be your taste for the ludicrous, humdrum, or sad,
There is plenty of each in this House to be had;
Where our Manager ruleth, there weeping will be,
For a dead hand at tragedy always was he;
And there never was dealer in dagger and cup,
Who so smilingly got all his tragedies up.
His powers poor Ireland will never forget,
And the widows of Walcheren weep o'er them yet.

So much for the actors—for secret machinery,
Traps, and deceptions, and shifting of scenery,
Y—RM—TH and CUM are the best we can find,
To transact all that trickery business behind.
The former's employ'd too to teach us French jigs,
Keep the whiskers in curl, and look after the wigs.

In taking my leave now, I've only to say

A few Seats in the House, not as yet sold away,

May be had of the Manager PAT C—STL—R—GH.

#### THE SALE OF THE TOOLS.

#### INSTRUMENTA REGNI.

Tacitus.

Here's a choice set of Tools for you, Ge'mmen and Ladies,

They'll fit you quite handy, whatever your trade is; (Except it be Cabinet-making—I doubt

In that delicate service they're rather worn out;

Though their owner, bright youth! if he'd had his own will,

Would have bungled away with them joyously still.)
You can see they've been pretty well hack'd—and alack!

What tool is there job after job will not hack?
Their edge is but dullish, it must be confess'd,
And their temper, like E—NB'R—H's, none of

the best,

But you'll find them good hard-working Tools, upon trying,

Wer't but for their brass, they are well worth the buying;

They're famous for making blinds, sliders, and screens,

And they're, some of them, excellent turning machines!

The first Tool I'll put up (they call it a *Chancellor*) Heavy concern to both purchaser and seller—Though made of pig iron, yet worthy of note 'tis, 'Tis ready to *melt* at a half minute's notice.

Who bids? Gentle buyer! 'twill turn as thou shapest—

'Twill make a good thumb-screw to torture a Papist; Or else a cramp-iron, to stick in the wall Of some church that old women are fearful will fall; Or better, perhaps, (for I'm guessing at random,) A heavy drag-chain for some Lawyer's old Tandem! Will nobody bid? It is cheap, I am sure, Sir—Once, twice, going, going, thrice, gone!—it is your's, Sir.

To pay ready money you sha'n't be distrest.

As a bill at long date suits the CHANCELLOR best.

Come, where's the next Tool?—Oh! 'tis here in a trice—

This implement, Ge'mmen! at first was a Vice;

(A tenacious and close sort of tool, that will let
Nothing out of its grasp it once happens to get,)
But it since has received a new coating of Tin,
Bright enough for a Prince to behold himself in!
Come, what shall we say for it? briskly! bid on,
We'll the sooner get rid of it—going—quite gone!
God be with it, such tools, if not quickly knock'd
down,

Might at last cost their owner—how much? why, a Crown!

The next Tool I'll set up has hardly had handsel or Trial as yet, and is also a Chancellor—
Such dull things as these should be sold by the gross; Yet, dull as it is, 'twill be found to shave close, And like other close shavers, some courage to gather, This blade first began by a flourish on leather! You shall have it for nothing—then, marvel with me At the terrible tinkering work there must be, Where a Tool such as this is (I'll leave you to judge it)

Is placed by ill luck at the top of the Budget!

# LITTLE MAN AND LITTLE SOUL.

A BALLAD TO THE TUNE OF "THERE WAS A LITTLE MAN, AND HE WOOED A LITTLE MAID," DEDICATED TO THE RIGHT HON. CH—RL—S ABB—T.

# Areades ambo.

Et cant-are pares.

1813.

THERE was a little Man, and he had a little Soul, And he said, "Little Soul, let us try, try, try,

"Whether it's within our reach

"To make up a little Speech,

"Just between little you and little I, I, I,

"Just between little you and little I!"-

Then said his little Soul, Peeping from her little hole, "I protest, little Man, you are stout, stout, stout, "But, if it's not uncivil,

" Pray tell me what the devil

"Must our little, little speech be about, bout, bout, "Must our little, little speech be about?"

The little Man look'd big, .
With th' assistance of his wig,

And he call'd his little Soul to order, order, order, Till she fear'd he'd make her jog in To jail, like Thomas Croggan,

(As she wasn't Duke or Earl) to reward her, ward her, ward her,

As she wasn't Duke or Earl, to reward her.

The little Man then spoke "Little Soul, it is no joke,

"For as sure as J-CKY F-LL-R loves a sup, sup, sup,

" I will tell the Prince and People

"What I think of Church and Steeple,

"And my little patent plan to prop them up, up, up, "And my little patent plan to prop them up."

Away then, cheek by jowl,

Little Man and little Soul

Went and spoke their little speech to a tittle,

tittle, tittle,

And the world all declare That this priggish little pair

Never yet in all their lives look'd so little, little, little,

Never yet in all their lives look'd so little!

# REINFORCEMENTS FOR LORD WELLINGTON.

------ suosque tibi commendat Troja Penates
Hos cape fatorum comites.
Virgil.

1813.

As recruits in these times are not easily got,

And the Marshal must have them—pray, why should

we not,

As the last and, I grant it, the worst of our loans to him,

Ship off the Ministry, body and bones to him? There's not in all England, I'd venture to swear, Any men we could half so conveniently spare,

And, though they've been helping the French for years past,

We may thus make them useful to England at last.

C—stl—R—gH in our sieges might save some disgraces,

Being us'd to the taking and keeping of places; And Volunteer C—NN—G, still ready for joining, Might show off his talent for sly undermining. Could the Household but spare us its glory and

pride,

Old H—DF—T at horn-works again might be tried, And the Ch—f J—st—e make a bold charge at his side!

While V—NS—TT—T could victual the troops upon tick,

And the Doctor look after the baggage and sick.

Nay, I do not see why the great R—c—T himself Should, in times such as these, stay at home on the shelf:—

Though through narrow defiles he's not fitted to pass, Yet who could resist, if he bore down en masse? And though oft, of an evening, perhaps he might prove,

Like our brave Spanish allies, "unable to move\*," Yet there's one thing, in war of advantage unbounded, Which is that he could not with ease be surrounded!

In my next I shall sing of their arms and equipment!
At present no more but—good luck to the shipment!

\* The character given to the Spanish soldier, in Sir John Murray's memorable dispatch.

## HORACE, ODE i. LIB. iii.

A FRAGMENT.

Odi profanum vulgus et arceo.
Favete linguis: carmina non prius
Audita, Musarum sacerdos,
Virginibus puerisque canto.
Regum tremendorum in proprios greges,
Reges iu ipsos imperium est Jovis.

1813.

I HATE thee, oh Mob! as my Lady hates delf,
To Sir Francis I'll give up thy claps and thy hisses,
Leave old Magna Charta to shift for itself,
And, like G—DW—N, write books for young
masters and misses.

Oh! it is not high rank that can make the heart merry,

Even monarchs themselves are not free from mishap,

Though the Lords of Westphalia must quake before Jerry,

Poor Jerry himself has to quake before Nap.

#### HORAT, LIB. i. ODE xxxviii.

A FRAGMENT.

Persicos odi, puer, apparatus:
Displicent nexæ philyra coronæ.

Mitte sectari Rosa quo locorum

Sera moretur.

TRANSLATED BY A TREASURY CLERK, WHILE WAITING DINNER FOR THE RIGHT HON. G-RGE R-SE.

Boy, tell the Cook that I hate all nick-nackeries, Fricassees, vol-au-vents, puffs and gim-crackeries—Six by the Horse-Guards!—old Georgy is late—But come—lay the table-cloth—zounds! do not wait,

Nor stop to inquire, while the dinner is staying, At which of his places Old R—e is delaying \*!

\* \* \* \* \*

\* The literal closeness of the version here cannot but be admired. The Translator has added a long, erudite, and flowery note upon Roses, of which I can merely give a specimen at present. In the first place, he ransacks the Rosarium Politicum of the Persian poet Sadi, with the hope of finding some Political Roses, to match the gentleman in the text-but in vain: he then tells us that Cicero accused Verres of reposing upon a cushion "Melitensi rosa fartum," which, from the odd mixture of words, he supposes to be a kind of Irish Bed of Roses, like Lord CASTLEREAGH's. The learned Clerk next favours us with some remarks upon a well-known punning epitaph on fair Rosamond, and expresses a most loyal hope, that, if "Rosa munda" mean "a Rose with clean hands" it may be found applicable to the Right Honourable Rose in question. He then dwells at some length upon the "Rosa aurea," which, though descriptive, in one sense, of the old Treasury Statesman, yet, as being consecrated and worn by the POPE, must, of course, not be brought into the same atmosphere with him. Lastly, in reference to the words "old Rose," he winds up with the pathetic lamentation of the Poet "consenuisse Rosas." The whole note indeed shows a knowledge of Roses, that is quite edifying.

#### IMPROMTU.

UPON BEING OBLIGED TO LEAVE A PLEASANT PARTY, FROM THE WANT OF A PAIR OF BREECHES TO DRESS FOR DINNER IN.

1810.

Between Adam and me the great difference is,
Though a Paradise each has been forc'd to resign,
That he never wore breeches, till turn'd out of his,
While, for want of my breeches, I'm banish'd
from mine.

# LORD WELLINGTON AND THE MINISTERS.

1813.

So gently in peace Alcibiades smil'd,
While in battle he shone forth so terribly grand,
That the emblem they grav'd on his seal, was a child,
With a thunderbolt plac'd in its innocent hand.

Oh Wellington! long as such Ministers wield, Your magnificent arm, the same emblem will do; For while they're in the Council and you in the Field, We've the babies in them, and the thunder in you!

# APPENDIX.



# APPENDIX.

# LETTER IV. Page 16.

Among the papers, enclosed in Dr. D—G—N—N's Letter, there is an Heroic Epistle in Latin verse, from Pope Joan to her Lover, of which, as it is rather a curious document, I shall venture to give some account. This female Pontiff was a native of England (or, according to others, of Germany) who, at an early age, disguised herself in male attire, and followed her lover, a young ecclesiastic, to Athens, where she studied with such effect, that upon her arrival at Rome, she was thought worthy of being raised to the Pontificate. This Epistle is addressed to her Lover, (whom she had elevated

to the dignity of Cardinal) soon after the fatal accouchement, by which her Fallibility was betrayed.

She begins by reminding him very tenderly of the time, when they were in Athens—when

## "by llissus' stream

- "We whispering walk'd along, and learn'd to speak .
- "The tenderest feelings in the purest Greek ;-
- "Ah! then how little did we think or hope,
- "Dearest of men! that I should e'er be POPE \*!
- "That I-the humble Joan-whose house-wife art
- "Seem'd just enough to keep thy house and heart,
- "(And those alas ! at sixes and at sevens)
- "Should soon keep all the keys of all the Heavens!"
- \* Spanheim attributes the unanimity, with which Joan was elected, to that innate and irresistible charm, by which her sex, though latent, operated upon the instinct of the Cardinals—" Non vi aliqua, sed concorditer, onnium in se converso desiderio, quæ sunt blandientis sexus artes, latentes in hac quanquam!"

Still less (she continues to say) could they have foreseen, that such a catastrophe as had happened in Council would befall them—that she

- "Should thus surprise the Conclave's grave decorum,
- "And let a little Pope pop out before 'em-
- "Pope Innocent! alas, the only one
- "That uame should ever have been fix'd upon!"

She then very pathetically laments the downfall of her greatness, and enumerates the various treasures, to which she is doomed to bid farewell for ever.

- "But oh! more dear, more precious ten times
  over—
- "Farewell my Lord, my Cardinal, my Lover!
- "I made thee Cardinal-thou mad'st me-al!
- "Thou mad'st the Papa\* of the World Mamma!"

<sup>\*</sup> This is an anachronism, for it was not till the eleventh Century, that the Bishop of Rome took the title of Papa or Universal Father.

I have not time now to translate any more of this Epistle; but I presume the argument which the Right Hon. Doctor and his friends mean to deduce from it, is (in their usual convincing strain) that Romanists must be unworthy of Emancipation now, because they had a Petticoat Pope in the Ninth Century—Nothing can be more logically clear, and I find that Horace had exactly the same views upon the subject.

Romanus (eheu posteri negabitis!)

Emancipatus FŒMINÆ
Fert vallum!

## LETTER VII. Page 33.

THE Manuscript, which I found in the Bookseller's Letter, is a Melo-Drama, in two Acts, entitled "THE BOOK\*" of which the Theatres, of course, had had the refusal, before it was presented to Messrs. L—ck—ngt—n and Co.—This rejected Drama, however, possesses considerable merit, and I shall take the liberty of laying a sketch of it before my Readers.

<sup>\*</sup> There was a mysterious Book, in the 16th Century, which employed all the anxious curiosity of the Learned of that day—Every one spoke of it; many wrote against it; though it does not appear that any body had ever seen it; and indeed Grotius is of opinion that no such Book ever existed. It was entitled "Liber de tribus impostoribus." (See Morhof. Cap. de Libris damnatis)—Our more modern mystery of "the Book" resembles this in many particulars; and, if the number of Lawyers employed in drawing it up be stated correctly, a slight alteration of the title into "a tribus impostoribus" would produce a coincidence altogether very remarkable.

The first Act opens in a very awful manner— Time, three o'clock in the morning—Scene, the Bourbon Chamber \* in C—r—l—t—n House— Enter the P——E R—G—T solus—After a few broken sentences he thus exclaims

Away -- Away --

Thou haunt'st my fancy so, thou devilish Book!

I meet thee—trace thee, wheresoe'er I look.

I see thy damned ink in ELD—N's brows—

I see thy foolscap on my H—RTF—D's Spouse—

V—NS—TT—T's head recalls thy leathern case,

And all thy blank-leaves stare from R—D—R's

face!

While, turning here (laying his hand on his heart)

I find, ah wretched elf!

Thy List of dire Errata in myself.

(Walks the stage in considerable agitation)

Oh Roman Punch! oh potent Curaçoa!

Oh Mareschino! Mareschino oh!

<sup>\*</sup> The Chamber, I suppose, which was prepared for the reception of the Bourbons at the first Grand Fête, and which was ornamented (all "for the Deliverance of Europe") with fleurs-de-lys.

Delicious drams! why have you not the art To kill this gnawing Book-worm in my heart?

He is here interrupted in his Soliloquy by perceiving some scribbled fragments of paper on the ground, which he collects, and "by the light of two magnificent candelabras" discovers the following unconnected words "Wife neglected"—"the Book"—"Wrong Measures"—"the Queen"—"Mr, Lambert"—"the R—G—T."

Ha! treason in my House!—Curst words, that wither My princely soul, (shaking the papers violently).

what Demon brought you hither?

"My Wife!"—"the Book" too!—stay—a nearer look—

(holding the fragments closer to the Candelabras).
Alas! too plain, B, double O, K, Book—
Death and destruction!

He here rings all the bells, and a whole legion of Valets enter—A scene of cursing and swearing (very much in the German style) ensues, in the course of which messengers are dispatched, in different directions, for the L—RD CH—NC—LL—R, the D—E of C—B—L—D, &c. &c.—The intermediate time is filled up by another Soliloquy, at the conclusion of which the aforesaid Personages rush on alarmed—the D—E with his stays only half-laced, and the CH—NC—LL—R with his wig thrown hastily over an old red night-cap, "to maintain the becoming splendour of his office \*." The R—G—T produces the appalling fragments, upon which the CH—NC—LL—R breaks out into exclamations of loyalty and tenderness, and relates the following portentous dream.

Tis scarcely two hours since
I had a fearful dream of thee, my P——E!—
Methought I heard thee, midst a courtly crowd,
Say from thy throne of gold, in mandate loud,

Lord Castlereagh's Speech upon the Vice-Chancellor's Bill

<sup>&</sup>quot;"To enable the individual, who holds the office of Chancellor, to maintain it in becoming splendour." (A loud laugh.)

"Worship my whiskers!"—(weeps) not a knee was there

But bent and worshipp'd the Illustrious Pair,

That curl'd in conscious majesty! (pulls out his

handkerchief)—while cries

Of "Whiskers, whiskers" shook the echoing skies!—

Just in that glorious hour, methought, there came, With looks of injur'd pride, a Princely Dame, And a young maiden, clinging to her side, As if she fear'd some tyrant would divide The hearts that nature and affection tied! The Matron came—within her right hand glow'd A radiant torch; while from her left a load Of Papers hung—(wipes his eyes)—collected in her veil—

The venal evidence, the slanderous tale,
The wounding hint, the current lies that pass
From Post to Courier, form'd the motley mass;
Which, with disdain, before the Throne she
throws,

And lights the Pile beneath thy princely nose.

(weeps.)

Heav'ns, how it blaz'd!—I'd ask no livelier fire,

(With animation) To roast a Papist by, my gracious

Sire!—

But ah! the Evidence—(weeps again) I mourn'd to see—

Cast, as it burn'd, a deadly light on thee!

And Tales and Hints their random sparkles flung,
And hiss'd and crackled, like an old maid's tongue;
While Post and Courier, faithful to their fame,
Made up in stink for what they lack'd in flame!
When, lo, ye Gods!—the fire, ascending brisker,
Now singes one, now lights the other whisker—
Ah! where was then the Sylphid, that unfurls
Her fairy standard in defence of curls?
Throne, Whiskers, Wig soon vanish'd into smoke,
The watchman cried "past One" and —I awoke.

Here his Lordship weeps more profusely than ever, and the R—G—T (who has been very much agitated during the recital of the Dream) by a movement as characteristic as that of Charles XII. when he was shot, claps his hands to his whiskers to feel if all be really safe. A Privy Council is

held—all the Servants, &c. are examined, and it appears that a Tailor, who had come to measure the R—G—T for a Dress (which takes three whole pages of the best superfine clinquant in describing) was the only person who had been in the Bourbon Chamber during the day. It is, accordingly, determined to seize the Tailor, and the Council breaks up with a unanimous resolution to be vigorous.

The commencement of the Second Act turns chiefly upon the Trial and Imprisonment of two Brothers—but as this forms the *under* plot of the Drama, I shall content myself with extracting from it the following speech, which is addressed to the two Brothers, as they "exeunt severally" to Prison.

Go to your prisons—though the air of Spring No mountain coolness to your cheeks shall bring; Though summer flowers shall pass unseen away, And all your portion of the glorious day May be some solitary beam that falls,
At morn or eve, upon your dreary walls—
Some beam that enters, trembling as if aw'd,
To tell how gay the young world laughs abroad!
Yet go—for thoughts, as blessed as the air
Of Spring or summer flowers, await you there;
Thoughts, such as He, who feasts his courtly crew
In rich conservatories, never knew!
Pure self-esteem—the smiles that light within—
The Zeal, whose circling charities begin
With the few lov'd-ones Heaven has plac'd it
near,

Nor cease, till all Mankind are in its sphere!— The Pride, that suffers without vaunt or plea, And the fresh Spirit, that can warble free, Through prison-bars, its hymn to Liberty!

The Scene next changes to a Tailor's Work-shop, and a fancifully-arranged group of these Artists is discovered upon the Shop-board—Their task evidently of a *royal* nature, from the profusion of gold-lace, frogs, &c. that lie about—They all rise

and come forward, while one of them sings the following Stanzas to the tune of "Derry Down."

My brave brother Tailors, come, straiten your knees, For a moment, like gentlemen, stand up at ease, While I sing of our P——E (and a fig for his railers) The Shop-board's delight! the Mecænas of Tailors!

Derry down, down, down derry down.

Some monarchs take roundabout ways into note, But His short cut to fame is—the cut of his coat; Philip's Son thought the World was too small for his Soul,

While our R—G—T's finds room in a lac'd buttonhole!

Derry down, &c.

Look through all Europe's Kings—at least, those who go loose—

Not a King of them all's such a friend to the Goose. So, God keep him increasing in size and renown, Still the fattest and best-fitted P——E about town!

Derry down, &c.

During the "Derry down" of this last verse, a messenger from the S-c-t-y of S-e's Office rushes on, and the singer (who, luckily for the effect. of the scene, is the very Tailor suspected of the mysterious fragments) is interrupted in the midst of his laudatory exertions, and hurried away, to the no small surprise and consternation of his comrades. The Plot now hastens rapidly in its developement—the management of the Tailor's examination is highly skilful, and the alarm, which he is made to betray, is natural without being ludicrous. The explanation, too, which he finally gives is not more simple than satisfactory. It appears that the said fragments formed part of a self-exculpatory note, which he had intended to send to Colonel M'M-N upon subjects purely professional, and the corresponding bits (which still lie luckily in his pocket) being produced, and skilfully laid beside the others, the following billet-doux is the satisfactory result of their juxta-position.

Honour'd Colonel—my WIFE, who's the QUEEN of all slatterns,

NEGLECTED to put up THE BOOK of new Patterns.

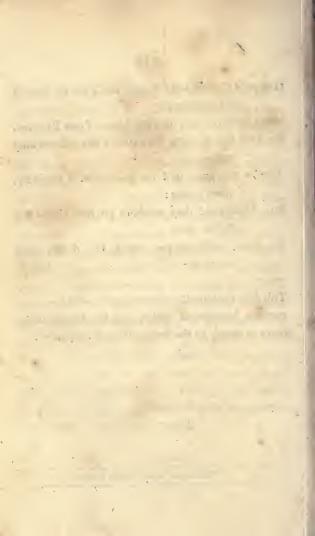
She sent the WRONG MEASURES too—shamefully wrong—

They're the same us'd for poor Mr. LAMBERT, when young;

But, bless you! they wouldn't go half round the

So, hope you'll excuse your's till death, most obedient.

This fully explains the whole mystery—the R—G—T resumes his wonted smiles, and the Drama terminates as usual, to the satisfaction of all parties.



## THE

## FUDGE FAMILY

IN

Paris.

T. DAVISON, LOMBARD-STREET, WHITEFRIARS, LONDON.

Thomp.

THE

## FUDGE FAMILY

IN

Paris.

EDITED BY

## THOMAS BROWN, THE YOUNGER,

AUTHOR OF THE TWOPENNY POST-BAG.

Le Leggi della Maschera richiedono che una persona mascherata non sia salutata per nome da uno che la conosce malgrado il sno travestimento,—CASTIGLIONE.

### SECOND EDITION.

#### LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1818.

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## PREFACE.

In what manner the following Epistles came into my hands, it is not necessary for the public to know. It will be seen by Mr. Fudge's Second Letter, that he is one of those gentlemen whose Secret Services in Ireland, under the mild ministry of my Lord C——GH, have been so amply and gratefully remunerated. Like his friend and associate, Thomas Reynolds, Esq. he had retired upon the reward of his honest industry; but has lately been induced to appear again in active life, and superintend the training of

that *Delatorian Cohort*, which Lord S—DM—TH, in his wisdom and benevolence, has organized.

Whether Mr. Fudge, himself, has yet made any discoveries, does not appear from the following pages;—but much may be expected from a person of his zeal and sagacity, and, indeed, to him, Lord S—DM—TH, and the Greenland-bound ships, the eyes of all lovers of discoveries are now most anxiously directed.

I regret that I have been obliged to omit Mr. Bob Fudge's Third Letter, concluding the adventures of his Day with the Dinner, Opera, &c. &c.—but, in consequence of some remarks upon Marinette's thin drapery, which, it was thought, might give offence to certain well-meaning persons, the manuscript was sent back to Paris for

his revision, and had not returned when the last sheet was put to press.

It will not, I hope, be thought presumptuous, if I take this opportunity of complaining of a very serious injustice I have suffered from the public. Dr. King wrote a treatise to prove that BENTLEY "was not the author of his own book," and a similar absurdity has been asserted of me, in almost all the best-informed literary circles. With the name of the real author staring them in the face, they have yet persisted in attributing my works to other people; and the fame of the Twopenny Post-Bag-such as it is-having hovered doubtfully over various persons, has at last settled upon the head of a certain little gentleman, who wears it, I understand, as complacently as if it actually belonged to him; without even the

honesty of avowing, with his own favourite author, (he will excuse the pun)

> Εγω δ' Ο ΜΩΡΟΣ αςαςΕδησαμην μετωπω.

I can only add that if any lady or gentleman, curious in such matters, will take the trouble of calling at my lodgings, 245, Piccadilly, I shall have the honour of assuring them, in propriá personá, that I am—his, or her,

very obedient

and very humble servant,

THOMAS BROWN, THE YOUNGER.

April 17, 1818.

### LETTER I.

Amiens.

DEAR DOLL, while the tails of our horses are plaiting,

The trunks tying on, and Papa, at the door,
Into very bad French is, as usual, translating
His English resolve not to give a sou more,
I sit down to write you a line—only think!—
A letter from France, with French pens and French ink,

How delightful! though, would you believe it, my dear?

I have seen nothing yet very wonderful here;
No adventure, no sentiment, far as we've come,
But the corn-fields and trees quite as dull as at
home;

And but for the post-boy, his boots and his queue,
I might just as well be at Clonskilty with you!
In vain, at DESSEIN'S, did I take from my trunk
That divine fellow, STERNE, and fall reading "The
Monk;"

In vain did I think of his charming Dead Ass,
And remember the crust and the wallet—alas!

No monks can be had now for love or for money,
(All owing, Pa says, to that infidel Boney;)

And, though one little Neddy we saw in our drive
Out of classical Nampont, the beast was alive!

By the by, though, at Calais, Papa had a touch
Of romance on the pier, which affected me much.
At the sight of that spot, where our darling Dix-

Set the first of his own dear legitimate feet,\*

(Modell'd out so exactly, and—God bless the mark!

'Tis a foot, Dolly, worthy so Grand a Monarque)

He exclaimed "Oh mon Roi!" and, with tear-drop-

ping eye,

Stood to gaze on the spot—while some Jacobin, nigh,

Mutter'd out with a shrug (what an insolent thing!)
"Ma foi, he be right—'tis de Englishman's King;
And dat gros pied de cochon—begar, me vil say
Dat de foot look mosh better, if turn'd toder way."

<sup>\*</sup> To commemorate the landing of Louis le Desiré from England, the impression of his foot is marked out on the pier at Calais, and a pillar with an inscription raised opposite to the spot.

There's the pillar, too—Lord! I had nearly forgot—What a charming idea!—rais'd close to the spot;
The mode being now, (as you've heard, I suppose,)
To build tombs over legs,\* and raise pillars to toes.

This is all that's occurr'd sentimental as yet;

Except, indeed, some little flow'r-nymphs we've met,

Who disturb one's romance with pecuniary views,

Flinging flow'rs in your path, and then—bawling for

And some picturesque beggars, whose multitudes

To recall the good days of the ancien regime,
All as ragged and brisk, you'll be happy to learn,
And as thin as they were in the time of dear STERNE.

Our party consists, in a neat Calais job, Of Papa and myself, Mr. Connor and Bob.

<sup>\*</sup> Ci-git la jambe de &c. &c.

You remember how sheepish BoB look'd at Kilrandy, But, Lord! he's quite alter'd—they've made him a Dandy;

A thing, you know, whisker'd, great-coated, and lac'd,

Like an hour-glass, exceedingly small in the waist:

Quite a new sort of creatures, unknown yet to scholars,

With heads, so immoveably stuck in shirt-collars,

That seats like our music-stools soon must be found
them,

To twirl, when the creatures may wish to look round
them!

In short, dear, "a Dandy" describes what I mean, And Bob's far the best of the genus I've seen:

An improving young man, fond of learning, ambitious,

And goes now to Paris to study French dishes,

Whose names—think, how quick!—he already knows pat,

A la braise, petits pâtés, and—what d'ye call that
They inflict on potatoes?—oh! maître d'hôtel—
I assure you, dear Dolly, he knows them as well
As if nothing but these all his life he had eat,
Though a bit of them Bobby has never touch'd yet;
But just knows the names of French dishes and cooks,

As dear Pa knows the titles of authors and books.

As to Pa, what d'ye think?—mind, it's all entre nous, But you know, love, I never keep secrets from you—Why, he's writing a book—what! a tale? a romance? No, ye Gods, would it were!—but his Travels in France;

At the special desire (he let out t'other day)
Of his friend and his patron, my Lord C—STL-R-GH,

Who said, "My dear FUDGE ——" I forget th' exact words,

And, it's strange, no one ever remembers my Lord's;
But 'twas something to say that, as all must allow
A good orthodox work is much wanting just now,
To expound to the world the new—thingummie—
science,

Found out by the—what's-its-name—Holy Alliance,
And prove to mankind that their rights are but folly,
Their freedom a joke (which it is, you know, Dolly)
"There's none," said his Lordship, "if I may be
judge,

Half so fit for this great undertaking as FUDGE!" 1

The matter's soon settled—Pa flies to the Row,
(The first stage your tourists now usually go)
Settles all for his quarto—advertisements, praises—
Starts post from the door, with his tablets—French
phrases—

"Scorr's Visit," of course—in short, ev'ry thing he has

An author can want, except words and ideas:—
And, lo! the first thing, in the spring of the year,
Is Phil. Fudge at the front of a Quarto, my dear!

But, bless me, my paper's near out, so I'd better
Draw fast to a close:—this exceeding long letter
You owe to a déjeûner à la fourchette,
Which Bobby would have, and is hard at it yet.—
What's next? oh, the tutor, the last of the party,
Young Connor:—they say he's so like Bonaparte,
His nose and his chin,—which Papa rather dreads,
As the Bourbons, you know, are suppressing all
heads

That resemble old NAP's, and who knows but their honours

May think, in their fright, of suppressing poor CONNOR'S?

Au reste, (as we say) the young lad's well enough,
Only talks much of Athens, Rome, virtue, and stuff;
A third cousin of ours, by the way—poor as Job,
(Though of royal descent by the side of Mamma)
And for charity made private tutor to Bob—
Entre nous, too, a Papist—how lib'ral of Pa!

This is all, dear,—forgive me for breaking off thus; But Bob's déjeûner's done, and Papa's in a fuss.

B. F.

P. S.

How provoking of Pa! he will not let me stop
Just to run in and rummage some milliner's shop;
And my début in Paris, I blush to think on it,
Must now, Doll, be made in a hideous low bonnet.
But Paris, dear Paris!—oh, there will be joy,
And romance, and high bonnets, and Madame LE

Roi!\*

<sup>\*</sup> A celebrated mantua-maker in Paris.

### LETTER II.

FROM PHIL. FUDGE, ESQ. TO THE LORD VISCOUNT C-H.

Paris.

At length, my Lord, I have the bliss
To date to you a line from this
"Demoraliz'd" metropolis;
Where, by plebeians low and scurvy,
The throne was turn'd quite topsy-turvy,
And Kingship, tumbled from its seat,
"Stood prostrate" at the people's feet.
Where (still to use your Lordship's tropes)
The level of obedience slopes

Upward and downward, as the stream
Of hydra faction kicks the beam!\*
Where the poor palace changes masters
Quicker than a snake its skin,
And Louis is roll'd out on castors,
While Boney's borne on shoulders in:—
But where, in every change, no doubt,
One special good your Lordship traces,—
That 'tis the Kings alone turn out,
The Ministers still keep their places.

How oft, dear Viscount C——GH, I've thought of thee upon the way,

<sup>\*</sup> This excellent imitation of the noble Lord's style shews how deeply Mr. Fudge must have studied his great original. Irish oratory, indeed, abounds with such startling peculiarities. Thus the eloquent Counsellor B———, in describing some hypocritical pretender to charity, said—" He put his hand in his breechespocket, like a crocodile, and," &c. &c.

As in my job (what place could be More apt to wake a thought of thee?) Or, oftener far, when gravely sitting Upon my dickey, (as is fitting For him who writes a Tour, that he May more of men and manners see,) I've thought of thee and of thy glories, Thou guest of Kings, and King of Tories! Reflecting how thy fame has grown And spread, beyond man's usual share, At home, abroad, till thou art known, Like Major SEMPLE, every where! And marv'lling with what pow'rs of breath Your Lordship, having speech'd to death Some hundreds of your fellow-men, Next speech'd to Sovereigns' ears, -and when All Sovereigns else were doz'd, at last Speech'd down the Sovereign \* of Belfast.

The title of the chief magistrate of Belfast, before whom his

Oh! mid the praises and the trophies

Thou gain'st from Morosophs and Sophis;

Mid all the tributes to thy fame,

There's one thou shouldst be chiefly pleas'd at—

That Ireland gives her snuff thy name,

And C———GH's the thing now sneez'd at!

But hold, my pen!—a truce to praising—
Though ev'n your Lordship will allow
The theme's temptations are amazing;
But time and ink run short, and now,
(As thou wouldst say, my guide and teacher
In these gay metaphoric fringes,)

Lordship (with the "studium immane loquendi" attributed by Ovid to that chattering and rapacious class of birds, the pies) delivered sundry long and self-gratulatory orations, on his return from the Continent. It was at one of these Irish dinners that his gallant brother, Lord S., proposed the health of "The best cavalry officer in Europe—the Regent!"

I must embark into the feature

On which this letter chiefly hinges ;- \* My Book, the Book that is to prove-And will, so help ye Sprites above, That sit on clouds, as grave as judges, Watching the labours of the FUDGES!-Will prove that all the world, at present, Is in a state extremely pleasant: That Europe—thanks to royal swords And bay'nets, and the Duke commanding-Enjoys a peace which, like the Lord's, Passeth all human understanding: That France prefers her go-cart King To such a coward scamp as Boney-Though round, with each a leading-string,

There standeth many a Royal crony,

<sup>\*</sup> Verbatim from one of the noble Viscount's Speeches—" And now, Sir, I must embark into the feature on which this question chiefly hinges."

For fear the chubby, tottering thing Should fall, if left there loney-poney: That England, too, the more her debts, The more she spends, the richer gets; And that the Irish, grateful nation! Remember when by thee reign'd over, And bless thee for their flagellation, As HELOISA did her lover!\* That Poland, left for Russia's lunch Upon the side-board, snug reposes; While Saxony's as pleas'd as Punch, And Norway "on a bed of roses!" That, as for some few million souls, Transferr'd by contract, bless the clods! If half were strangled—Spaniards, Poles, And Frenchmen-'t wouldn't make much odds,

See her Letters.

So Europe's goodly Royal ones

Sit easy on their sacred thrones;

So Ferdinand embroiders gaily,

And Louis eats his salmi\* daily;

So time is left to Emperor Sandy

To be half Cæsar and half Dandy;

And G——GE the R—G—T (who'd forget

That doughtiest chieftain of the set?)

Hath wherewithal for trinkets new,

For dragons, after Chinese models,

And chambers where Duke Ho and Soo

Might come and nine times knock their nod
dles!—

All this my Quarto 'll prove—much more
Than Quarto ever prov'd before—
In reas'ning with the Post I'll vie,
My facts the Courier shall supply,

<sup>\*</sup> Οψα τε, δια εδυσι διοτρεφεες βασιληες.

Homer Odyss, 3.

My jokes V—NS—T, P—LE my sense, And thou, sweet Lord, my eloquence!

My Journal, penn'd by fits and starts,
On Biddy's back or Bobby's shoulder,
(My son, my Lord, a youth of parts,
Who longs to be a small place-holder)
Is—though I say't, that shouldn't say—
Extremely good; and, by the way,
One extract from it—only one—
To show its spirit, and I've done.

<sup>&</sup>quot; Jul. thirty-first.—Went, after snack,
"To the Cathedral of St. Denny;

<sup>&</sup>quot;Sigh'd o'er the Kings of ages back,
And—gave the old Concierge a penny!

<sup>&</sup>quot; (Mem .- Must see Rheims, much fam'd, 'tis said,

<sup>(</sup>Mem,—Must see Rheims, much lam d, tis salu

<sup>&</sup>quot; For making Kings and gingerbread.)

- "Was shown the tomb where lay, so stately,
- "A little Bourbon, buried lately,
- "Thrice high and puissant, we were told,
- "Though only twenty-four hours old!"
- "Hear this, thought I, ye Jacobins;
- "Ye Burdetts, tremble in your skins!
- " If Royalty, but ag'd a day,
- "Can boast such high and puissant sway,
- "What impious hand its pow'r would fix,
- "Full fledg'd and wigg'd + at fifty-six!"

The argument's quite new, you see,
And proves exactly Q. E. D.—

<sup>\*</sup> So described on the coffin: "très haute et puissante Princesse, agée d'un jour."

<sup>†</sup> There is a fulness and breadth in this portrait of Royalty, which reminds us of what Pliny says, in speaking of Trajan's great qualities:—"nonne longe latèque Principem ostentant?"

So now, with duty to the R-G-T, I am, dear Lord,

Your most obedient,

P. F.

Hotel Bretevil, Rue Rivoli.

Neat lodgings—rather dear for me;
But Biddy said she thought 'twould look
Genteeler thus to date my Book,
And Biddy's right—besides, it curries
Some favour with our friends at Murray's,
Who scorn what any man can say,
That dates from Rue St. Honoré!\*

<sup>\*</sup> See the Quarterly Review for May, 1816, where Mr. Hobhouse is accused of having written his book "in a back street of the French capital."

### LETTER III.

FROM MR. BOB FUDGE TO RICHARD ----, ESQ.

OH DICK! you may talk of your writing and reading, Your Logic and Greek, but there's nothing like feeding;

And this is the place for it, DICKY, you dog,

Of all places on earth—the head quarters of Prog!

Talk of England—her fam'd Magna Charta, I

swear, is

A humbug, a flam, to the Carte\* at old VE'RY's;

<sup>\*</sup> The Bill of Fare.-Véry, a well-known Restaurateur.

And as for your Juries—who would not set o'er 'em
A Jury of Tasters,\* with woodcocks before 'em?
Give Cartwright his Parliaments, fresh every
year—

But those friends of short Commons would never do here;

And, let ROMILLY speak as he will on the question, No Digest of Law's like the laws of digestion!

By the by, DICK, I fatten—but n'importe for that,
'Tis the mode—your Legitimates always get fat.

There's the Research there's LOUIS—and BONEY.

There's the R—G—T, there's Louis—and Boney tried too,

But, the somewhat imperial in paunch, 't wouldn't do:—

Mr. Bob alludes particularly, I presume, to the famous Jury Dégustateur, which used to assemble at the Hotel of M. Grimod de la Reynière, and of which this modern Archestratus has given an account in his Almanach des Gourmands, cinquième année, p. 78.

He improv'd, indeed, much in this point, when he wed,

But he ne'er grew right royally fat in the head.

DICK, DICK, what a place is this Paris!—but stay—As my raptures may bore you, I'll just sketch a Day, As we pass it, myself and some comrades I've got, All thorough-bred Gnostics, who know what is what.

After dreaming some hours of the land of Cocaigne,\*

That Elysium of all that is *friand* and nice,

Where for hail they have *bon-bons*, and claret for rain,

And the skaiters in winter show off on cream-ice;

<sup>\*</sup> The fairy-land of cookery and gourmandise; "Pais, où le ciel offre les viandes toutes cuites, et où, comme on parle, les alouettes tombent toutes rotics. Du Latin, coquere,"—Duchat.

Where so ready all nature its cookery yields,

Macaroni au parmesan grows in the fields;

Little birds fly about with the true pheasant taint,

And the geese are all born with a liver complaint!\*

I rise—put on neck-cloth—stiff, tight, as can be—

For a lad who goes into the world, DICK, like me,

Should have his neck tied up, you know—there's no doubt of it—

Almost as tight as some lads who go out of it.

With whiskers well oil'd, and with boots that "hold up

"The mirror to nature"-so bright you could sup

The process by which the liver of the unfortunate goose is enlarged, in order to produce that richest of all dainties, the foie gras, of which such renowned patés are made at Strasbourg and Toulouse, is thus described in the Cours Gastronomique:—"On déplume l'estomac des oies; on attache ensuite ces animaux aux chenets d'une cheminée, et on les nourrit devant le feu. La captivité et la chaleur donnent à ces volatiles une maladie hepatique, qui fait gonfier leur foie," &c. p. 206.

Off the leather like china; with coat, too, that draws

On the tailor, who suffers, a martyr's applause!—With head bridled up, like a four-in-hand leader, And stays—devil's in them—too tight for a feeder, I strut to the old Café Hardy, which yet Beats the field at a déjeûner à la fourchette.

There, Dick, what a breakfast!—oh, not like your ghost

Of a breakfast in England, your curst tea and toast;

But a side-board, you dog, where one's eye roves about,

Like a Turk's in the Haram, and thence singles out

One's paté of larks, just to tune up the throat, One's small limbs of chickens, done en papillote, One's erudite cutlets, drest all ways but plain,
Or one's kidnies—imagine, DICK—done with champagne!

Then, some glasses of Beaune, to dilute—or, mayhap,

Chambertin,\* which you know's the pet tipple of NAP,

And which Dad, by the by, that legitimate stickler, Much scruples to taste, but I'm not so partic'lar.—Your coffee comes next, by prescription; and then,

DICK, 's

The coffee's ne'er-failing and glorious appendix,

(If books had but such, my old Greeian, depend
on't,

I'd swallow ev'n W-TK-Ns', for sake of the end on't);

A neat glass of parfait-amour, which one sips

Just as if bottled velvet † tipp'd over one's lips!

<sup>\*</sup> The favourite wine of Napoleon. + Velours en bouteille.

This repast being ended, and paid for—(how odd! '- Till a man's us'd to paying, there's something so queer in't!)—

The sun now well out, and the girls all abroad,

And the world enough air'd for us, Nobs, to appear
in't,

We lounge up the Boulevards, where—oh, Dick, the phyzzes,

The turn-outs, we meet—what a nation of quizzes!

Here toddles along some old figure of fun,

With a coat you might date Anno Domini 1;

A lac'd hat, worsted stockings, and—noble old soul!

A fine ribbon and cross in his best button-hole;

Just such as our PR——E, who nor reason nor fundreads,

Inflicts, without ev'n a court-martial, on hundreds.\*

<sup>\*</sup> It was said by Wicquesort, more than a hundred years ago, "Le Roi d'Angleterre fait seul plus de chevaliers que tous les autres Rois de la Chretienté ensemble."—What would he say now?

Here trips a grisette, with a fond, roguish eye,
(Rather eatable things these grisettes by the by);
And there an old demoiselle, almost as fond,
In a silk that has stood since the time of the Fronde,
There goes a French Dandy—ah, Dick! unlike some
ones

We've seen about WHITE's—the Mounseers are but rum ones;

Such hats!—fit for monkies—I'd back Mrs. Draper To cut neater weather-boards out of brown paper:
And coats—how I wish, if it wouldn't distress 'em,
They'd club for old B—M—L, from Calais, to dress

· 'em!

The collar sticks out from the neck such a space,

That you'd swear 'twas the plan of this headlopping nation,

To leave there behind them a snug little place :
For the head to drop into, on decapitation!

In short, what with mountebanks, Counts, and friseurs,

Some mummers by trade, and the rest amateurs—
What with captains in new jockey-boots and silk
breeches,

Old dustmen with swinging great opera-hats,

And shoeblacks reclining by statues in niches,

There never was seen such a race of Jack Sprats!

From the Boulevards—but hearken!—yes—as I'm a sinner,

The clock is just striking the half-hour to dinner:

So no more at present—short time for adorning—

My Day must be finish'd some other fine morning.

Now, hey for old BEAUVILLIERS'\* larder, my boy!

And, once there, if the Goddess of Beauty and Joy

Were to write "Come and kiss me, dear Bob!" I'd

not budge—

Not a step, DICK, as sure as my name is

R. FUDGE.

<sup>\*</sup> A celebrated Restaurateur.

## LETTER IV.

#### FROM PHELIM CONNOR TO \_\_\_\_\_.

"Return!"—no, never, while the withering hand Of bigot power is on that hapless land; While, for the faith my fathers held to God, Ev'n in the fields where free those fathers trod, I am proscrib'd, and—like the spot left bare In Israel's halls, to tell the proud and fair Amidst their mirth, that Slavery had been there—\*

\*"They use to leave a yard square of the wall of the house unplastered, on which they write, in large letters, either the forementioned verse of the Psalmist ('If I forget thee, O Jerusalem,' &c.) or the words—'The memory of the desolation.'" Leo of Modena.

On all I love, home, parents, friends, I trace
The mournful mark of bondage and disgrace!
No!—let them stay, who in their country's pangs
See nought but food for factions and harangues;
Who yearly kneel before their masters' doors,
And hawk their wrongs, as beggars do their sores:
\* Still let your \* \* \*

Still hope and suffer, all who can!—but I, Who durst not hope, and cannot bear, must fly.

But whither?—every-where the scourge pursues— Turn where he will, the wretched wanderer views, In the bright, broken hopes of all his race, Countless reflections of th' Oppressor's face!

I have thought it prudent to omit some parts of Mr. Phelim Connor's letter. He is evidently an intemperate young man, and has associated with his cousins, the Fudges, to very little purpose.

Every-where gallant hearts, and spirits true,

Are serv'd up victims to the vile and few;

While E\*\*\*\*\*\*, every-where—the general foe

Of Truth and Freedom, wheresoe'er they glow—

Is first, when tyrants strike, to aid the blow!

Oh, E \* \* \* \* \* \* ! could such poor revenge atone ...

For wrongs, that well might claim the deadliest.

one;

Were it a vengeance, sweet enough to sate

The wretch who flies from thy intolerant hate,

To hear his curses on such barbarous sway

Echoed, where'er he bends his cheerless way;—

Could this content him, every lip he meets

Teems for his vengeance with such poisonous sweets;

Were this his luxury, never is thy name

Pronounc'd, but he doth banquet on thy shame;

Hears maledictions ring from every side.

Upon that grasping power, that selfish pride,

Which vaunts its own, and scorns all rights beside;

That low and desperate envy, which to blast
A neighbour's blessings, risks the few thou hast;—
That monster, Self, too gross to be conceal'd,
Which ever lurks behind thy proffer'd shield;—
That faithless craft, which, in thy hour of need,
Can court the slave, can swear he shall be freed,
Yet basely spurns him, when thy point is gain'd,
Back to his masters, ready gagg'd and chain'd!
Worthy associate of that band of Kings,
That royal, rav'ning flock, whose vampire wings
O'er sleeping Europe treacherously brood,
And fan her into dreams of promis'd good,
Of hope, of freedom—but to drain her blood!

If thus to hear thee branded be a bliss
That Vengeance loves, there's yet more sweet than
this,—

\* \* \* \* \* \* \*

When will the world shake off such yokes? oh, when Will that redeeming day shine out on men,

\* Membra et Herculeos toros

Urit lues Nessea.

Senec. Hercul. Œt.

That shall behold them rise, erect and free
As Heav'n and Nature meant mankind should be!
When Reason shall no longer blindly bow
To the vile pagod things, that o'er her brow,
Like him of Jaghernaut, drive trampling now;
Nor Conquest dare to desolate God's earth;
Nor drunken Victory, with a Nero's mirth,
Strike her lewd harp amidst a people's groans;—
But, built on love, the world's exalted thrones
Shall to the virtuous and the wise be given—
Those bright, those sole Legitimates of Heaven!

When will this be?—or, oh! is it, in truth,
But one of those sweet, day-break dreams of youth,
In which the Soul, as round her morning springs,
'Twixt sleep and waking, sees such dazzling things!
And must the hope, as vain as it is bright,
Be all giv'n up?—and are they only right,
Who say this world of thinking souls was made
'To be by Kings partition'd, truck'd, and weigh'd

In scales that, ever since the world begun,

Have counted millions but as dust to one?

Are they the only wise, who laugh to scorn

The rights, the freedom to which man was born;

Who \* \* \* \* \* \*

\* - \* \* \* \* \*

Who, proud to kiss each separate rod of power,
Bless, while he reigns, the minion of the hour;
Worship each would-be God, that o'er them moves,
And take the thundering of his brass for Jove's!
If this be wisdom, then farewell, my books,
Farewell, ye shrines of old, ye classic brooks,
Which fed my soul with currents, pure and fair,
Of living Truth, that now must stagnate there!—
Instead of themes that touch the lyre with light,
Instead of Greece, and her immortal fight
For Liberty, which once awak'd my strings,
Welcome the Grand Conspiracy of Kings,

The High Legitimates, the Holy Band,
Who, bolder ev'n than He of Sparta's land,
Against whole millions, panting to be free,
Would guard the pass of right-line tyranny!
Instead of him, th' Athenian bard, whose blade
Had stood the onset which his pen pourtray'd,
Welcome

\* \* \*

And, 'stead of Aristides—woe the day
Such names should mingle!—welcome C——GH!

Here break we off, at this unhallow'd name,
Like priests of old, when words ill-omen'd came.
My next shall tell thee, bitterly shall tell,
Thoughts that \* \* \* \*

Thoughts that—could patience hold—'twere wiser far

To leave still hid and burning where they are!

#### LETTER V.

# FROM MISS BIDDY FUDGE TO MISS DOROTHY ———.

What, a time since I wrote!—I'm a sad, naughty girl—

Though, like a tee-totum, I'm all in a twirl,
Yet ev'n (as you wittily say) a tee-totum
Between all its twirls gives a letter to note 'em.
But, Lord, such a place! and then, Dolly, my
dresses,

My gowns, so divine!—there's no language ex-

Except just the two words "superbe," "magnifique,"
The trimmings of that which I had home last week!
It is call'd—I forget—à la—something which
sounded

Like alicampane—but, in truth, I'm confounded And bother'd, my dear, 'twixt that troublesome boy's (BoB's) cookery language, and Madame LE Roi's: What with fillets of roses, and fillets of veal, Things garni with lace, and things garni with eel, One's hair and one's cutlets both en papillote, And a thousand more things I shall ne'er have by rote, I can scarce tell the diff'rence, at least as to phrase, Between beef à la Psyche and curls à la braise.—
But, in short, dear, I'm trick'd out quite à la Française,

With my bonnet—so beautiful!—high up and poking,

Like things that are put to keep chimnies from smoking. Where shall I begin with the endless delights

Of this Eden of milliners, monkies, and sights—

This dear busy place, where there's nothing transacting

But dressing and dinnering, dancing and acting?

Imprimis, the Opera—mercy, my ears!

Brother Bobby's remark, t'other night, was a true one;—

"This must be the music," said he, "of the spears,

For I'm curst if each note of it doesn't run through one!"

Pa says (and you know, love, his Book's to make out

'Twas the Jacobins brought every mischief about)
That this passion for roaring has come in of late,
Since the rabble all tried for a voice in the State.—

What a frightful idea, one's mind to o'erwhelm!

What a chorus, dear Dolly, would soon be let loose of it,

If, when of age, every man in the realm

Had a voice like old Laïs,\* and chose to make

use of it!

No—never was known in this riotous sphere

Such a breach of the peace as their singing, my

dear.

So bad too, you'd swear that the God of both arts,
Of Music and Physic, had taken a frolic
For setting a loud fit of asthma in parts,
And composing a fine rumbling base to a cholic!

But, the dancing—ah parlez-moi, Dolly, de ça— There, indeed, is a treat that charms all but Papa.

<sup>\*</sup> The oldest, most celebrated, and most noisy of the singers at the French Opera.

Such beauty—such grace—oh ye sylphs of romance!

Fly, fly to TITANIA, and ask her if she has

One light-footed nymph in her train, that can

dance

Like divine BIGOTTINI and sweet FANNY BIAS!

FANNY BIAS in FLORA—dear creature!—you'd swear,

When her delicate feet in the dance twinkle round,

That her steps are of light, that her home is

'the air,

And she only par complaisance touches the ground.

And when BIGOTTINI in PSYCHE dishevels

Her black flowing hair, and by dæmons is driven,

Oh! who does not envy those rude little devils,

That hold her and hug her, and keep her from heaven?

Then, the music—so softly its cadences die, So divinely—oh, Dolly! between you and I, It's as well for my peace that there's nobody nigh To make love to me then—you've a soul, and can judge

What a crisis 'twould be for your friend BIDDY FUDGE!

The next place (which BOBBY has near lost his heart in)

They call it the Play-house—I think—of St. Martin; Quite charming—and very religious—what folly To say that the French are not pious, dear Dolly, When here one beholds, so correctly and rightly, The Testament turn'd into melo-drames nightly; And, doubtless, so fond they're of scriptural facts, They will soon get the Pentateuch up in five acts.

\* The Theatre de la Porte St. Martin, which was built when the Opera House in the Palais Royal was burned down, in 1781.—A few days after this dreadful fire, which lasted more than a week, and in which several persons perished, the Parisian élégantes displayed flame-coloured dresses, "couleur de feu d'Opéra!"—Dulaure, Curiosités de Paris.

Here Daniel, in pantomime, \* bids bold defiance 'To Nebuchadnezzar and all his stuff'd lions,
While pretty young Israelites dance round the
Prophet,

Prophet,
In very thin clothing, and but little of it;—
Here Be'grand, the who shines in this scriptural path,
As the lovely Susanna, without ev'n a relic
Of drapery round her, comes out of the bath
In a manner that, Bob says, is quite Eve-angelic!

But in short, dear, 'twould take me a month to recite
All the exquisite places we're at, day and night;

<sup>\*</sup> A piece very popular last year, called "Daniel, ou La Fosse aux Lions." The following scene will give an idea of the daring sublimity of these scriptural pantomimes. "Scene 20.—La fournaise devient un berceau de nuages azurés, au fond duquel est un grouppe de nuages plus lumineux, et au milieu 'Jehovah' au centre d'un cercle de rayons brillans, qui annonce la présence de l'Eternel."

<sup>†</sup> Madame Bégrand, a finely formed woman, who acts in "Susanna and the Elders,"—"L'Amour et la Folie," &c. &c.

And, besides, ere I finish, I think you'll be glad Just to hear one delightful adventure I've had.

Last night, at the Beaujon, \* a place where—I doubt

If I well can describe—there are cars, that set out
From a lighted pavilion, high up in the air,
And rattle you down, Doll,—you hardly know
where.

These vehicles, mind me, in which you go through
This delightfully dangerous journey, hold two.
Some cavalier asks, with humility, whether
You'll venture down with him—you smile—'tis a
match;

<sup>\*</sup> The Promenades Aëriennes, or French Mountains.—See a description of this singular and fantastic place of amusement in a pamphlet, truly worthy of it, by "F. F. Cotterel, Médecin, Docteur de la Faculté de Paris," &c. &c.

In an instant you're seated, and down both together
Go thund'ring, as if you went post to old Scratch!\*
Well, it was but last night, as I stood and remark'd
On the looks and odd ways of the girls who embark'd,

The impatience of some for the perilous flight,

The forc'd giggle of others, 'twixt pleasure and

fright,—

That there came up—imagine, dear Doll, if you can—

A fine sallow, sublime, sort of Werter-fac'd man,

With mustachios that gave (what we read of so

oft)

The dear Corsair expression, half savage, half soft,
As Hyænas in love may be fancied to look, or
A something between ABELARD and old BLUCHER!

<sup>\*</sup>According to Dr. Cotterel the cars go at the rate of forty-eight miles an hour.

Up he came, Doll, to me, and, uncovering his head,

(Rather bald, but so warlike!) in bad English said,
"Ah! my dear—if Ma'mselle vil be so very good—
Just for von littel course"—though I scarce understood

What he wish'd me to do, I said, thank him, I would.

Off we set—and, though 'faith, dear, I hardly knew whether

My head or my heels were the uppermost then, 'For 'twas like heav'n and earth, Dolly, coming together,—

Yet, spite of the danger, we dar'd it again.

And oh! as I gaz'd on the features and air

Of the man, who for me all this peril defied,

I could fancy almost he and I were a pair
Of unhappy young lovers, who thus, side by side,

Were taking, instead of rope, pistol, or dagger, a

Desperate dash down the Falls of Niagara!

This achiev'd, through the gardens\* we saunter'd about,

Saw the fire-works, exclaim'd "magnifique!" at each cracker,

And, when 'twas all o'er, the dear man saw us out With the air, I will say, of a Prince, to our fiacre.

Now, hear me—this Stranger—it may be mere folly—

But who do you think we all think it is, Dolly?

\* In the Café attached to these gardens there are to be (as Doctor Cotterel informs us) "douze nègres, très-alertes, qui contrasteront par l'ébène de leur peau avec le teint de lis et de roses de nos belles. Les glaces et les sorbets, servis par une main bien noire, fera davantage ressortir l'albâtre des bras arrondis de celles-ci."—P. 22.

Why, bless you, no less than the great King of Prussia,

Who's here now incog.\*—he, who made such a fuss, you

Remember, in London, with Blucher and Platoff, When Sal was near kissing old Blucher's cravat off!

Pa says he's come here to look after his money,

(Not taking things now as he us'd under Boney)

Which suits with our friend, for Bob saw him, he swore,

Looking sharp to the silver receiv'd at the door.

Besides, too, they say that his grief for his Queen

(Which was plain in this sweet fellow's face to be seen)

Requires such a stimulant dose as this car is, Us'd three times a day with young ladies in Paris.

<sup>\*</sup> His Majesty, who was at Paris under the travelling name of Count Ruppin, is known to have gone down the Beaujon very frequently.

Some Doctor, indeed, has declar'd that such grief
Should—unless 'twould to utter despairing its
folly push—

Fly to the Beaujon, and there seek relief

By rattling, as Bob says, "like shot through a holly-bush."

I must now bid adieu—only think, Dolly, think

If this should be the King—I have scarce slept a

wink

With imagining how it will sound in the papers,

And how all the Misses my good luck will
grudge,

When they read that Count RUPPIN, to drive away vapours,

Has gone down the Beaujon with Miss BIDDY
FUDGE.

Nota Bene.—Papa's almost certain 'tis he—
For he knows the Legitimate cut, and could see,
In the way he went poising and manag'd to tower
So erect in the car, the true Balance of Power.

### LETTER VI.

FROM PHIL. FUDGE, ESQ. TO HIS BROTHER TIM.
FUDGE, ESQ. BARRISTER AT LAW.

Yours of the 12th receiv'd just now—
Thanks for the hint, my trusty brother!
'Tis truly pleasing to see how
We, Fudges, stand by one another.
But never fear—I know my chap,
And he knows me too—verbum sap.
My Lord and I are kindred spirits,
Like in our ways as two young ferrets;
Both fashion'd, as that supple race is,
To twist into all sorts of places;—

Creatures lengthy, lean, and hungering, Fond of blood and burrow-mongering.

As to my Book in 91,

Call'd "Down with Kings, or, Who'd have
thought it?"

Bless you, the Book's long dead and gone,—
Not ev'n th' Attorney-General bought it.
And, though some few seditious tricks
I play'd in 95 and 6,
As you remind me in your letter,
His Lordship likes me all the better;—
We, proselytes, that come with news full,
Are, as he says, so vastly useful!

REYNOLDS and I—(you know Tom REYNOLDS— Drinks his claret, keeps his chaise— Lucky the dog that first unkennels Traitors and Luddites now-a-days;

Or who can help to bag a few, When S-D-TH wants a death or two;) REYNOLDS and I, and some few more, All men, like us, of information, Friends, whom his Lordship keeps in store, As under-saviours of the nation-\* Have form'd a Club this season, where His Lordship sometimes takes the chair, And gives us many a bright oration In praise of our sublime vocation; Tracing it up to great King MIDAS, Who, though in fable typified as A royal Ass, by grace divine And right of ears, most asinine, Was yet no more, in fact historical, Than an exceeding well-bred tyrant;

<sup>\*</sup> Lord C.'s tribute to the character of his friend, Mr. Reynolds, will long be remembered with equal credit to both.

And these, his cars, but allegorical,

Meaning Informers, kept at high rent—\*

Gem'men, who touch'd the Treasury glisteners,
Like us, for being trusty listeners;

And picking up each tale and fragment,

For royal Midas's green bag meant.

- " And wherefore," said this best of Peers,
- "Should not the R-G-T too have ears, +
- "To reach as far, as long and wide as
- "Those of his model, good King MIDAS?"
- \* This interpretation of the fable of Midas's ears seems the most probable of any, and is thus stated in Hoffmann:—" Hâc allegoriâ significatum, Midam, utpote tyrannum, subauscultatores dimittere solitum, per quos, quæcunque per omnem regionem vel fierent, vel dicerentur, cognosceret, nimhrumillis utens aurium vice."
  - + Brossette, in a note on this line of Boileau,
- "Midas, le Roi Midas a des oreilles d'Ane," tells us, that "M. Perrault le Médecin voulut faire à notre auteur un crime d'état de ce vers, comme d'une maligne allusion au Roi." I trust, however, that no one will suspect the line in the text of any such indecorous allusion.

This speech was thought extremely good,
And (rare for him) was understood—
Instant we drank "The R—G—T's Ears,"
With three times three illustrious cheers,
That made the room resound like thunder—

"The R-G-T's Ears, and may he ne'er

" From foolish shame, like MIDAS, wear

"Old paltry wigs to keep them under!" \*

This touch at our old friends, the Whigs, Made us as merry all as grigs.

In short, (I'll thank you not to mention These things again) we get on gaily;

And, thanks to pension and Suspension,

Our little Club increases daily.

• It was not under wigs, but tiaras, that King Midas endeavoured to conceal these appendages:

Tempora purpureis tentat velare tiaris.

The Noble Giver of the toast, however, had evidently, with his usual clearness, confounded King Midas, Mr. Liston, and the P——e R—g—t together.

CASTLES, and OLIVER, and such, Who don't as yet full salary touch, Nor keep their chaise and pair, nor buy Houses and lands, like Tom and I, Of course don't rank with us, salvators, \* But merely serve the Club as waiters. Like Knights, too, we've our collar days, (For us, I own, an awkward phrase) When, in our new costume adorn'd,-The R-G-T's buff-and-blue coats turn'd-We have the honour to give dinners To the chief Rats in upper stations; + Your W-ys, V-ns-half-fledg'd sinners, Who shame us by their imitations; Who turn, 'tis true—but what of that ? Give me the useful peaching Rat;

<sup>\*</sup> Mr. Fudge and his friends should go by this name—as the man who, some years since, saved the late Right Hon. George Rose from drowning, was ever after called Salvator Rosa.

f This intimacy between the Rats and Informers is just as it should be—" verè dulce sodalitium."

Not things as mute as Punch, when bought,
Whose wooden heads are all they've brought;
Who, false enough to shirk their friends,
But too faint-hearted to betray,
Are, after all their twists and bends,
But souls in Limbo, damn'd half way.
No, no,—we nobler vermin are
A genus useful as we're rare;
'Midst all the things miraculous
Of which your natural histories brag,
The rarest must be Rats like us,
Who let the cat out of the bag.

Yet still these Tyros in the cause Deserve, I own, no small applause; And they're by us receiv'd and treated With all due honours—only seated In th' inverse scale of their reward, The merely promis'd next my Lord; Small pensions then, and so on, down,
Rat after rat, they graduate
Through job, red ribbon, and silk gown,
To Chanc'llorship and Marquisate.
This serves to nurse the ratting spirit;
The less the bribe the more the merit.

Our female gallery's seldom sat in;
Your ladies are no friends to ratting.
Though there, of course, our Patron sends
Orders "for Lady L—ch and friends,"—
(Or, as his Lordship in a speech
Once called her, "DESDEMONA L—CH;"
A name to which her title's plain—
"Sir, she can turn and turn again.")
Our music's good, you may be sure;
My Lord, you know, 's an amateur—\*

<sup>\*</sup> His Lordship, during one of the busiest periods of his Ministerial career, took lessons three times a week from a celebrated music-master, in glee-singing.

Takes every part with perfect ease,

Though to the Base by nature suited,
And, form'd for all, as best may please,
For whips and bolts, or chords and keys,
Turns from his victims to his glees,
And has them both well executed.

H——T——D, who, tho' no Rat himself,
Delights in all such liberal arts,
Drinks largely to the House of Guelph,
And superintends the Corni parts.

While C—NN—G,\* who'd be first by choice,
Consents to take an under voice;

Says Clarinda, "though tears it may cost,
"It is time we should part, my dear Sue;
"For your character's totally lost,
"And I have not sufficient for two!"

<sup>\*</sup> This Right Hon. Gentleman ought to give up his present alliance with Lord C., if upon no other principle than that which is inculcated in the following arrangement between two Ladics of Fashion:

And G——s,\* who well that signal knows, Watches the Volti Subitos.†

In short, as I've already hinted,

We take, of late, prodigiously;

But as our Club is somewhat stinted

For Gentlemen, like Tom and me,

We'll take it kind if you'll provide

A few Squireens; from t'other side;—

Some of those loyal, cunning elves,

(We often tell the tale with laughter)

Who us'd to hide the pikes themselves,

Then hang the fools who found them after.

I doubt not you could find us, too,

Some Orange Parsons that would do;

<sup>\*</sup> The rapidity of this Noble Lord's transformation, at the same instant, into a Lord of the Bed-chamber and an opponent of the Catholic Claims, was truly miraculous.

<sup>†</sup> Turn instantly—a frequent direction in music-books.

<sup>†</sup> The Irish diminutive of Squire.

Among the rest, we've heard of one,
The Reverend—something—HAMILTON,
Who stuff'd a figure of himself

(Delicious thought!) and had it shot at, To bring some Papists to the shelf,

That couldn't otherwise be got at—

If he'll but join th' Association,

We'll vote him in by acclamation.

And now, my brother, guide, and friend, This somewhat tedious scrawl must end. I've gone into this long detail,

Because I saw your nerves were shaken With anxious fears lest I should fail

In this new, loyal, course I've taken.

But, bless your heart! you need not doubt—
We, Fudges, know what we're about.

Look round, and say if you can see

A much more thriving family.

There's JACK, the Doctor—night and day
Hundreds of patients so besiege him,
You'd swear that all the rich and gay
Fell sick on purpose to oblige him.
And while they think, the precious ninnies,
He's counting o'er their pulse so steady,
The rogue but counts how many guineas
He's fobb'd, for that day's work, already.
I'll ne'er forget th' old maid's alarm,
When, feeling thus Miss Sukey Flirt, he
Said, as he dropp'd her shrivell'd arm,
"Damn'd bad this morning—only thirty!"

Your dowagers, too, every one,
So gen'rous are, when they call him in,
That he might now retire upon
The rheumatisms of three old women.
Then, whatsoe'er your ailments are,
He can so learnedly explain ye 'em—

Your cold, of course, is a catarrh,

Your head-ach is a hemi-cranium:—

His skill, too, in young ladies' lungs,

The grace with which, most mild of men,

He begs them to put out their tongues,

Then bids them—put them in again!

In short, there's nothing now like JACK;—

Take all your doctors, great and small,

Of present times and ages back,

Dear Doctor FUDGE is worth them all.

So much for physic—then, in law too,

Counsellor Tim! to thee we bow;

Not one of us gives more eclat to

Th' immortal name of Fudge than thou.

Not to expatiate on the art

With which you play'd the patriot's part,

Till something good and snug should offer;

Like one, who, by the way he acts

Th' enlightening part of candle-snuffer, The manager's keen eye attracts, And is promoted thence by him To strut in robes, like thee, my TIM !-Who shall describe thy pow'rs of face, Thy well-fee'd zeal in every case. Or wrong or right-but ten times warmer (As suits thy calling) in the former-Thy glorious, lawyer-like delight In puzzling all that's clear and right, Which, though conspicuous in thy youth, Improves so with a wig and band on, That all thy pride's to way-lay Truth, And leave her not a leg to stand on.-Thy patent, prime, morality,-Thy cases, cited from the Bible-Thy candour, when it falls to thee To help in trouncing for a libel;-

- "God knows, I, from my soul, profess
  "To hate all bigots and benighters!
- "God knows, I love, to ev'n excess,"
- " The sacred Freedom of the Press,
  " My only aim's to—crush the writers."

These are the virtues, Tim, that draw

The briefs into thy bag so fast;

And these, oh Tim—if Law be Law—

Will raise thee to the Bench at last.

I blush to see this letter's length,—
But 'twas my wish to prove to thee
How full of hope, and wealth, and strength,
Are all our precious family.
And, should affairs go on as pleasant
As, thank the Fates, they do at present—
Should we but still enjoy the sway

Of S—DM—H and of C——GH,
I hope, ere long, to see the day
When England's wisest statesmen, judges,
Lawyers, peers, will all be—FUDGES!

Good bye-my paper's out so nearly, I've only room for

Yours sincerely.

## LETTER VII.

FROM PHELIM CONNOR TO ----

Before we sketch the Present—let us cast A few, short, rapid glances to the Past.

When he, who had defied all Europe's strength,
Beneath his own weak rashness sunk at length;—
When, loos'd, as if by magic, from a chain
That seem'd like Fate's, the world was free again,
And Europe saw, rejoicing in the sight,
The cause of Kings, for once, the cause of Right;—

Then was, indeed, an hour of joy to those
Who sigh'd for justice—liberty—repose,
And hop'd the fall of one great vulture's nest
Would ring its warning round, and scare the rest.
And all was bright with promise;—Kings began
To own a sympathy with suffering Man,
And Man was grateful—Patriots of the South
Caught wisdom from a Cossack Emperor's mouth,
And heard, like accents thaw'd in Northern air,
Unwonted words of freedom burst forth there!

Who did not hope, in that triumphant time,
When monarchs, after years of spoil and crime,
Met round the shrine of Peace, and Heav'n look'd
on,

Who did not hope the lust of spoil was gone;—
That that rapacious spirit, which had play'd
The game of Pilnitz o'er so oft, was laid,

And Europe's Rulers, conscious of the past, Would blush, and deviate into right at last? But no—the hearts, that nurs'd a hope so fair, Had yet to learn what men on thrones can dare; Had yet to know, of all earth's ravening things, The only quite untameable are Kings! Scarce had they met when, to its nature true, The instinct of their race broke out anew; Promises, treaties, charters, all were vain, And "Rapine!-rapine!" was the cry again. How quick they carv'd their victims, and how well, Let Saxony, let injur'd Genoa tell,-Let all the human stock that, day by day, Was at that Royal slave-mart truck'd away,-The million souls that, in the face of heaven, Were split to fractions, \* barter'd, sold, or given

<sup>\*&</sup>quot; Whilst the Congress was re-constructing Europe—not according to rights, natural affiances, language, habits, or laws; but

To swell some despot Power, too huge before, And weigh down Europe with one Mammoth more! How safe the faith of Kings let France decide;-Her charter broken, ere its ink had dried,-Her Press enthrall'd-her Reason mock'd again With all the monkery it had spurn'd in vain-Her crown disgrac'd by one, who dar'd to own He thank'd not France but England for his throne-Her triumphs cast into the shade by those, Who had grown old among her bitterest foes, And now return'd, beneath her conquerors' shields, Unblushing slaves! to claim her heroes' fields, To tread down every trophy of her fame, And curse that glory which to them was shame !-

by tables of finance, which divided and subdivided her population into souls, demi-souls, and even fractions, according to a scale of the direct duties or taxes, which could be levied by the acquiring state," &c.—Sketch of the Military and Political Power of Russia. The words on the protocol are ames, demi-ames, &c.

Let these—let all the damning deeds, that then
Were dar'd through Europe, cry aloud to men,
With voice like that of crashing ice that rings
Round Alpine huts, the perfidy of Kings;
And tell the world, when hawks shall harmless bear
The shrinking dove, when wolves shall learn to
spare

The helpless victim for whose blood they lusted, Then, and then only, monarchs may be trusted!

It could not last—these horrors could not last—
France would herself have ris'n, in might, to cast
Th' insulters off—and oh! that then, as now,
Chain'd to some distant islet's rocky brow,
NAPOLEON ne'er had come to force, to blight,
Ere half matur'd, a cause so proudly bright;—
To palsy patriot hearts with doubt and shame,
And write on Freedom's flag a despot's name;—

To rush into the lists, unask'd, alone,

And make the stake of all the game of one!

Then would the world have seen again what power
A people can put forth in Freedom's hour;

Then would the fire of France once more have
blaz'd;—

For every single sword, reluctant rais'd
In the stale cause of an oppressive throne,
Millions would then have leap'd forth in her own;
And never, never had th' unholy stain
Of Bourbon feet disgrac'd her shores again!

But fate decreed not so—th' Imperial Bird,
That, in his neighbouring cage, unfear'd, unstirr'd,
Had seem'd to sleep with head beneath his wing,
Yet watch'd the moment for a daring spring;—
Well might he watch, when deeds were done, that
made

His own transgressions whiten in their shade;

Well might he hope a world, thus trampled o'er

By clumsy tyrants, would be his once more:—

Forth from its cage that eagle burst to light,

From steeple on to steeple\* wing'd its flight,

With calm and easy grandeur, to that throne

From which a Royal craven just had flown;

And resting there, as in its aerie, furl'd

Those wings, whose very rustling shook the world!

What was your fury then, ye crown'd array,
Whose feast of spoil, whose plundering holiday
Was thus broke up, in all its greedy mirth,
By one bold chieftain's stamp on Gallic earth!
Fierce was the cry, and fulminant the ban,—
"Assassinate, who will—enchain, who can,
"The vile, the faithless, outlaw'd, low-born man!"

<sup>\* &</sup>quot;L'aigle volera de clocher en clocher, jusqu'aux tours de Notre-Dame,"—Napoleon's Proclamation on landing from Elba.

"Faithless!"—and this from you—from you, forsooth,

Ye pious Kings, pure paragons of truth, Whose honesty all knew, for all had tried; Whose true Swiss zeal had serv'd on every side; Whose fame for breaking faith so long was known, Well might ye claim the craft as all your own, And lash your lordly tails, and fume to see Such low-born apes of Royal perfidy! Yes-yes-to you alone did it belong To sin for ever, and yet ne'er do wrong-The frauds, the lies of Lords legitimate Are but fine policy, deep strokes of state; But let some upstart dare to soar so high In Kingly craft, and "outlaw" is the cry! What, though long years of mutual treachery Had peopled full your diplomatic shelves With ghosts of treaties, murder'd 'mong yourselves; Though each by turns was knave and dupe—what then?

A Holy League would set all straight again;

Like Juno's virtue, which a dip or two

In some bless'd fountain made as good as new!\*

Most faithful Russia—faithful to whoe'er

Could plunder best, and give him amplest share;

Who, ev'n when vanquish'd, sure to gain his ends,

For want of foes to rob, made free with friends, †

And, deepening still by amiable gradations,

When foes were stript of all, then fleec'd relations!

Most mild and saintly Prussia—steep'd to th' ears

In persecuted Poland's blood and tears,

Singulis annis in quodam Atticæ fonte lota virginitatem recuperâsse fingitur.

<sup>†</sup> At the Peace of Tilsit, where he abandoned his ally, Prussia, to France, and received a portion of her territory.

The seizure of Finland from his relative of Sweden.

And now, with all her harpy wings outspread
O'er sever'd Saxony's devoted head!
Pure Austria too—whose hist'ry nought repeats
But broken leagues and subsidiz'd defeats;
Whose faith, as Prince, extinguish'd Venice shows,
Whose faith, as man, a widow'd daughter knows!
And thou, oh England—who, though once as shy
As cloister'd maids, of shame or perfidy,
Art now broke in, and, thanks to C——GH,
In all that's worst and falsest lead'st the way!

Such was the pure divan, whose pens and wits
Th' escape from Elba frighten'd into fits;—
Such were the saints, who doom'd Napoleon's life,
In virtuous frenzy, to th' assassin's knife!
Disgusting crew!—who would not gladly fly
To open, downright, bold-fac'd tyranny,
To honest guilt, that dares do all but lie,

From the false, juggling craft of men like these,
Their canting crimes and varnish'd villanies;—
These Holy Leaguers, who then loudest boast
Of faith and honour, when they've stain'd them
most;

From whose affection men should shrink as loath
As from their hate, for they'll be fleec'd by both;
Who, ev'n while plund'ring, forge Religion's name
To frank their spoil, and, without fear or shame,
Call down the Holy Trinity\* to bless
Partition leagues, and deeds of devilishness!

<sup>\*</sup>The usual preamble of these flagitious compacts. In the same spirit, Catherine, after the dreadful massacre of Warsaw, ordered a solemn "thanksgiving to God in all the churches, for the blessings conferred upon the Poles;" and commanded that each of them should "swear fidelity and loyalty to her, and to shed in her defence the last drop of their blood, as they should answer for it to God, and his terrible judgment, kissing the holy word and cross of their Saviour!"

But hold—enough—soon would this swell of rage
O'erflow the boundaries of my scanty page,—
So, here I pause—farewell—another day
Return we to those Lords of pray'r and prey,
Whose loathsome cant, whose frauds by right divine
Deserve a lash—oh! weightier far than mine!

## LETTER VIII.

FROM MR. BOB FUDGE TO RICHARD ----, ESQ.

DEAR DICK, while old Donaldson's\* mending my stays,—

Which I knew would go smash with me one of these days,

And, at yesterday's dinner, when, full to the throttle, We lads had begun our desert with a bottle

Of neat old Constantia, on my leaning back

Just to order another, by Jove I went crack!—

An English tailor at Paris.

Or, as honest Tom said, in his nautical phrase,

"D—n my eyes, BoB, in doubling the Cape you've miss'd stays."\*

So, of course, as no gentleman's seen out without them,

They're now at the Schneider's †—and, while he's about them,

Here goes for a letter, post-haste, neck and crop-

Let us see—in my last I was—where did I stop?

Oh, I know—at the Boulevards, as motley a road as

Man ever would wish a day's lounging upon;

With its cafés and gardens, hotels and pagodas,

Its founts, and old Counts sipping beer in the sun With its houses of all architectures you please,
From the Grecian and Gothic, Dick, down by degrees
To the pure Hottentot, or the Brighton Chinese;

<sup>\*</sup> A ship is said to miss stays, when she does not obey the helm in tacking.

<sup>†</sup> The dandy term for a tailor.

Where in temples antique you may breakfast or dinner it,

Lunch at a mosque, and see Punch from a minaret. Then, Dick, the mixture of bonnets and bowers, Of foliage and frippery, fiacres and flowers,

Green-grocers, green gardens—one hardly knows whether

'Tis country or town, they're so mess'd up together!

And there, if one loves the romantic, one sees

Jew clothes-men, like shepherds, reclin'd under trees;

Or Quidnuncs, on Sunday, just fresh from the barber's,

Enjoying their news and groseille\* in those arbours,

<sup>&</sup>quot; "Lemonade and eau-de-groseille are measured out at every corner of every street, from fantastic vessels, jingling with bells, to thirsty tradesmen or wearied messengers."—See Lady Morgan's lively description of the streets of Paris, in her very amusing work upon France, Book 6.

While gaily their wigs, like the tendrils, are curling,
And founts of red currant-juice\* round them are
purling.

Here, DICK, arm in arm as we chattering stray,

And receive a few civil "God-dems" by the way,—

For, 'tis odd, these mounseers,—though we've

wasted our wealth

And our strength, till we've thrown ourselves into a phthisic,

To cram down their throats an old King for their health,

As we whip little children to make them take physic;—

Yet, spite of our good-natur'd money and slaughter, They hate us, as Beelzebub hates holy-water!

<sup>\*</sup> These gay, portable fountains, from which the groseille water is administered, are among the most characteristic ornaments of the streets of Paris.

But who the deuce cares, DICK, as long as they nourish us

Neatly as now, and good cookery flourishes—
Long as, by bay'nets protected, we, Natties,
May have our full fling at their salmis and pâtés?
And, truly, I always declar'd 'twould be pity
To burn to the ground such a choice-feeding city:
Had Dad but his way, he'd have long ago blown
The whole batch to old Nick—and the people, I
own.

- If for no other cause than their curst monkey looks,
- Well deserve a blow-up-but then, damn it, their Cooks!
- As to Marshals, and Statesmen, and all their whole lineage,
- For aught that I care, you may knock them to spinage;

But think, DICK, their Cooks—what a loss to man-

What a void in the world would their art leave behind!

Their chronometer spits—their intense salamanders— Their ovens—their pots, that can soften old ganders, All vanish'd for ever—their miracles o'er, And the Marmite Perpétuelle\* bubbling no more! Forbid it, forbid it, ye Holy Allies,

Take whatever ye fancy—take statues, take mo-

But leave them, oh leave them their Perigord pies,

Their glorious goose-livers, and high pickled

tunny! †

- \* "Cette merveilleuse Marmite Perpétuelle, sur le feu depuis près d'un siècle; qui a donné le jour à plus de 300,000 chapons."
  —Alman. de Gourmands, Quatrième Année, p. 152.
- † Le thon mariné, one of the most favourite and indigestible hors-d'œuvres. This fish is taken chiefly in the Golfe de Lyon.

Though many, I own, are the evils they've brought us,
Though Royalty's here on her very last legs,
Yet, who can help loving the land that has taught us
Six hundred and eighty-five ways to dress eggs?\*

You see, Dick, in spite of their cries of "God-dam,"
"Coquin Anglais," et cæt ra—how generous I am!
And now (to return, once again, to my "Day,"
Which will take us all night to get through in this
way)

From the Boulevards we saunter through many a street,

Crack jokes on the natives—mine, all very neat—
Leave the Signs of the Times to political fops,
And find twice as much fun in the Signs of the Shops;—

"La tête et le dessous du ventre sont les parties les plus recherchées des gourmets."—Cours Gastronomique, p. 252.

<sup>\*</sup>The exact number mentioned by M. de la Reynière—"On connoit en France 685 manières différentes d'accommoder les œus; sans compter celles que nos savans imaginent chaque jour."

Here, a Louis Dix-huit—there, a Martinmas goose, (Much in vogue since your eagles are gone out of use)—

Henri Quatres in shoals, and of Gods a great many, But Saints are the most on hard duty of any:—
St. Tony, who us'd all temptations to spurn,
Here hangs o'er a beer-shop, and tempts in his turn;
While there St. VENECIA\* sits hemming and frilling

her

Holy mouchoir o'er the door of some milliner;—
Saint Austin's the "outward and visible sign
Of an inward" cheap dinner, and pint of small wine;
While St. Denys hangs out o'er some hatter of ton,
And possessing, good bishop, no head of his own,†
Takes an int'rest in Dandies, who've got—next to

<sup>\*</sup> Veronica, the Saint of the Holy Handkerchief, is also, under the name of Venisse or Venecia, the tutelary saint of milliners.

<sup>+</sup> St. Denys walked three miles after his head was cut off. The

Then we stare into shops—read the evening's affiches—

Or, if some, who're Lotharios in feeding, should wish Just to flirt with a luncheon, (a devilish bad trick, As it takes off the bloom of one's appetite, DICK,) To the Passage des—what d'ye call't—des Panoramas\* We quicken our pace, and there heartily cram as Seducing young pâtés, as ever could cozen One out of one's appetite, down by the dozen. We vary, of course—petits pâtés do one day, The next we've our lunch with the Gauffrier Hollandsia to

landais, †

That popular artist, who brings out, like Sc—TT, His delightful productions so quick, hot and hot;

mot of a woman of wit upon this legend is well known:—" Je le crois bien; en pareil cas, il n'y a que le premier pas qui coute."

<sup>\*</sup> Off the Boulevards Italiens.

<sup>†</sup> In the Palais Royal; successor, I believe, to the Flamand, so long celebrated for the mobilieux of his Gaufres.

Not the worse for the exquisite comment that follows,—

Divine mare squino, which - Lord, how one swallows!

Once more, then, we saunter forth after our snack, or Subscribe a few francs for the price of a fiacre,

And drive far away to the old Montagnes Russes,

Where we find a few twirls in the car of much use
To regen'rate the hunger and thirst of us sinners,

Who've laps'd into snacks—the perdition of dinners.

And here, DICK—in answer to one of your queries,

About which we, Gourmands, have had much discussion—

I've tried all these mountains, Swiss, French, and Ruggieri's,

And think, for digestion,\* there's none like the Russian;

<sup>\*</sup> Doctor Cotterel recommends, for this purpose, the Beaujon or French Mountains, and calls them " une médecine aérienne, cou-

So equal the motion—so gentle, though fleet—

It, in short, such a light and salubrious scamper is,
That take whom you please—take old L—s D—x-

And stuff him—ay, up to the neck—with stew'd

So wholesome these Mounts, such a solvent I've found them,

That, let me but rattle the Monarch well down them.

leur de rose;" but I own I prefer the authority of Mr. Bob, who seems, from the following note found in his own hand-writing, to have studied all these mountains very carefully:

Memoranda—The Swiss little netice deserves,
While the fall at Ruggieri's is death to weak nerves;
And (whate'er Doctor Cott'rel may write on the question)
The turn at the Beaujon's too sharp for digestion.

I doubt whether Mr. Bob is quite correct in accenting the second syllable of Ruggieri.

\* A dish so indigestible, that a late novelist, at the end of his book, could imagine no more summary mode of getting rid of all his heroes and heroines than by a hearty supper of stewed lampreys.

The fiend, Indigestion, would fly far away,
And the regicide lampreys\* be foiled of their prey!

Such, Dick, are the classical sports that content us,
Till five o'clock brings on that hour so momentous,
That epoch—but woa! my lad—here comes the
Schneider,

And, curse him, has made the stays three inches

Too wide by an inch and a half—what a Guy!

But, no matter—'twill all be set right by-and-by—

As we've Massinor's† eloquent carte to eat still

up,

An inch and a half's but a trifle to fill up.

<sup>\*</sup> They killed Henry I. of England:—" a food (says Hume, gravely,) which always agreed better with his palate than his constitution."

<sup>†</sup> A famous Restaurateur-now Dupont.

So—not to lose time, DICK—here goes for the task;

Au revoir, my old boy—of the Gods I but ask,

That my life, like "the Leap of the German," \*

may be,

"Du lit à la table, d'la table au lit!"

R. F.

\* An old French saying;—" Faire le saut de l'Allemand, du lit à la table et de la table au lit."

## LETTER IX.

FROM PHIL. FUDGE, ESQ. TO THE LORD VISCOUNT

My Lord, th' Instructions, brought to-day, "I shall in all my best obey."
Your Lordship talks and writes so sensibly!
And—whatsoe'er some wags may say—
Oh! not at all incomprehensibly.

I feel th' inquiries in your letter

About my health and French most flattering;

Thank ye, my French, though somewhat better,

Is, on the whole, but weak and smattering:—

Nothing, of course, that can compare With his who made the Congress stare, (A certain Lord we need not name)

Who, ev'n in French, would have his trope, And talk of "batir un systême

"Sur l'équilibre de l'Europe!"

Sweet metaphor!—and then th' Epistle,
Which bid the Saxon King go whistle,
That tender letter to "Mon Prince,"\*

Which show'd alike thy French and sense;—
Oh no, my Lord—there's none can do
Or say un-English things like you;
And, if the schemes that fill thy breast
Could but a vent congenial seek,

And use the tongue that suits them best,

What charming Turkish would'st thou speak!

<sup>\*</sup> The celebrated letter to Prince Hardenburgh (written, however, I believe, originally in English,) in which his Lordship, professing to see " no moral or political objection" to the dismemberment of Saxony, denounced the unfortunate King as " not only the most devoted, but the most favoured of Bonaparte's vassals."

But as for me, a Frenchless grub,
At Congress never born to stammer,
Nor learn like thee, my Lord, to snub
Fall'n Monarchs, out of Chambaud's grammar—

Bless you, you do not, cannot know

How far a little French will go;

For all one's stock, one need but draw

On some half dozen words like these—

Comme ça—par-là—là-bas—ah ha!

They'll take you all through France with ease.

Your Lordship's praises of the scraps
I sent you from my Journal lately,
(Enveloping a few lac'd caps
For Lady C.) delight me greatly.

Her flattering speech—" what pretty things
One finds in Mr. Fudge's pages!"

Is praise which (as some poet sings)
Would pay one for the toils of ages.

Thus flatter'd, I presume to send

A few more extracts by a friend;

And I should hope they'll be no less

Approv'd of than my last MS.—

The former ones, I fear, were creas'd,

As BIDDY round the caps would pin them;

But these will come to hand, at least

Unrumpled, for—there's nothing in them.

Extracts from Mr. Fudge's Journal, addressed to Lord C.

Aug. 10.

Went to the Mad-house—saw the man,\*
Who thinks, poor wretch, that, while the Fiend

<sup>\*</sup> This extraordinary madman is, I believe, in the Bicêtre. He imagines, exactly as Mr. Fudge states it, that, when the heads of

Of Discord here full riot ran,

He, like the rest, was guillotin'd;—
But that when, under Boney's reign,
(A more discreet, though quite as strong one)
The heads were all restor'd again,
He, in the scramble, got a wrong one.
Accordingly, he still cries out

This strange head fits him most unpleasantly;
And always runs, poor dev'l, about,
Inquiring for his own incessantly!

While to his case a tear I dropt,
And saunter'd home, thought I—ye Gods!
How many heads might thus be swopp'd,
And, after all, not make much odds!
For instance, there's V—s—TT—T's head—
("Tam carum"\* it may well be said)

those who had been guillotined were restored, he by mistake got some other person's instead of his own.

<sup>\*</sup> Tam cari capitis .- HORAT.

If by some curious chance it came

To settle on BILL SOAMES's \* shoulders,
Th' effect would turn out much the same
On all respectable cash-holders:

Except that while, in its new socket,
The head was planning schemes to win
A zig-zag way into one's pocket,
The hands would plunge directly in.

Good Viscount S—DM—H, too, instead
Of his own grave, respected head,
Might wear (for aught I see that bars)
Old Lady WILHELMINA FRUMP'S—
So while the hand sign'd Circulars,
The head might lisp out "What is trumps?"—
The R—G—T's brains could we transfer
To some robust man-milliner,

\* A celebrated pickpocket.

The shop, the shears, the lace, and ribbon Would go, I doubt not, quite as glib on; And, vice versa, take the pains

To give the P—ce the shopman's brains,
One only change from thence would flow,

Ribbons would not be wasted so!

'Twas thus I ponder'd on, my Lord;
And, ev'n at night, when laid in bed,
I found myself, before I snor'd,
Thus chopping, swopping head for head.
At length I thought, fantastic elf!
How such a change would suit myself.
'Twixt sleep and waking, one by one,
With various pericraniums saddled,
At last I tried your Lordship's on,
And then I grew completely addled—
Forgot all other heads, od rot 'em!
And slept, and dreamt that I was—Bottom!

Walk'd out with daughter BID—was shown
The House of Commons, and the Throne,
Whose velvet cushion's just the same \*
NAPOLEON sat on—what a shame!
Oh, can we wonder, best of speechers!
When Louis seated thus we see,
That France's "fundamental features"
Are much the same they us'd to be?
However,—God preserve the Throne,
And cushion too—and keep them free
From accidents, which have been known
To happen ev'n to Royalty! †

<sup>\*</sup> The only change, if I recollect right, is the substitution of lilies for bees. 'This war upon the bees is, of course, universal' "exitium misere apibus," like the angry nymphs in Virgil:—but may not new swarms arise out of the victims of Legitimacy yet?

<sup>†</sup> I am afraid that Mr. Fudge alludes here to a very awkward accident, which is well known to have happened to poor L-s le D-s-é, some years since, at one of the R-g-t's Fêtes. He was sitting next our gracious Queen at the time.

Read, at a stall, (for oft one pops
On something at these stalls and shops,
That does to quote, and gives one's Book
A classical and knowing look.—
Indeed I've found, in Latin, lately,
A course of stalls improves me greatly.)
'Twas thus I read, that, in the East,
A monarch's fat's a serious matter;
And once in every year, at least,
He's weigh'd—to see if he gets fatter: \*
Then, if a pound or two he be
Increas'd, there's quite a jubilee! †

<sup>\* &</sup>quot;The 3rd day of the Feast the King causeth himself to be weighed with great care." - F. Bernier's Voyage to Surat, &c.

<sup>† &</sup>quot;I remember," says Bernier, "that all the Omrahs expressed great joy that the King weighed two pounds more now than the year preceding."—Another author tells us that "Fatness, as well as a very large head, is considered, throughout India, as one of the most precious gifts of heaven. An enormous skull is absolutely revered, and the happy owner is looked up to as a

Suppose, my Lord,—and far from me
To treat such things with levity—
But just suppose the R—G—T's weight
Were made thus an affair of state;
And, ev'ry sessions, at the close,—
'Stead of a speech, which, all can see, is
Heavy and dull enough, God knows—
We were to try how heavy he is.
Much would it glad all hearts to hear
That, while the Nation's Revenue
Loses so many pounds a year,
The P——E, God bless him! gains a few.

I see the Easterns weigh their Kings;—
But, for the R—G—T, my advice is,
We should throw in much heavier things:

superior being. To a Prince a joulter head is invaluable."—

With bales of muslin, chintzes, spices,

superior being. To a Prince a joulter head is invaluable."— Oriental Field Sports.

For instance -'s quarto volumes, Which, though not spices, serve to wrap them; Dominie ST-DD-T's Daily columns, "Prodigious!"-in, of course, we'd clap them-Letters, that C-RTW-T's pen indites. In which, with logical confusion, The Major like a Minor writes, ..... And never comes to a Conclusion :-Lord S-M-Rs' pamphlet-or his head-: (Ah, that were worth its weight in lead!) Along with which we in may whip, sly, The Speeches of Sir John C-x H-PP-SLY: That Baronet of many words, Who loves so, in the House of Lords, To whisper Bishops—and so nigh Unto their wigs in whisp'ring goes, That you may always know him by A patch of powder on his nose !-

If this won't do, we in must cram

The "Reasons" of Lord B—CK—GH—M;

(A Book his Lordship means to write,

Entitled "Reasons for my Ratting:")

Or, should these prove too small and light,

His — 's a host—we'll bundle that in!

And, still should all these masses fail

To stir the R—G—T's ponderous scale,

Why then, my Lord, in heaven's name,

Pitch in, without reserve or stint,

The whole of R—GL—y's beauteous Dame—

If that won't raise him, devil's in't!

Aug. 31.

Consulted MURPHY'S TACITUS

About those famous spies at Rome, \*

<sup>\*</sup>The name of the first worthy who set up the trade of informer at Rome (to whom our Olivers and Castleses ought to erect a statue) was Romanus Hispo;—" qui formam vita: initi, quam postea cele-

Whom certain Whigs-to make a fuss-

Describe as much resembling us,\*

Informing gentlemen, at home.

But, bless the fools, they can't be serious,

To say Lord S—DM—Th's like TIBERIUS!

What! he, the Peer, that injures no man,

Like that severe, blood-thirsty Roman!—

'Tis true, the Tyrant lent an ear to

'Tis true my Lord's Elect tell fibs,
And deal in perj'ry—ditto Tib's.
'Tis true, the Tyrant screen'd and hid
His rogues from justice †—ditto Sid.

All sorts of spies-so doth the Peer, too.

brem miseriæ temporum et audaciæ hominum fecerunt."—Tacit. Annal. 1, 74.

\*They certainly possessed the same art of instigating their victims, which the Report of the Sccret Committee attributes to Lord Sidmouth's agents:—"socius (says Tacitus of one of them) libidinum et necessitatum, quo pluribus indiciis inligaret."

† " Neque tamen id Sereno noxæ fuit, quem odium publicum tu-

'Tis true the Peer is grave and glib
At moral speeches—ditto Tib. \*
'Tis true, the feats the Tyrant did
Were in his dotage—ditto Sid.

So far, I own, the parallel
'Twixt Tib and Sid goes vastly well;
But there are points in Tib that strike
My humble mind as much more like
Yourself, my dearest Lord, or him
Of th' India Board—that soul of whim!

tiorem faciebat. Nam ut quis districtior accusator velut sacrosanctus erat." Annal. Lib. 4, 36.—Or, as it is translated by Mr. Fudge's friend, Murphy:—"This daring accuser had the curses of the people, and the protection of the Emperor. Informers, in proportion as they rose in guilt, became sacred characters."

\* Murphy even confers upon one of his speeches the epithet "constitutional." Mr. Fudge might have added to his parallel, that Tiberius was a good private character:—"egregium vita famaque quoad privatus."

Like him, TIBERIUS lov'd his joke. \* On matters, too, where few can bear one; E. g. a man, cut up, or broke Upon the wheel-a devilish fair one! Your common fractures, wounds, and fits, Are nothing to such wholesale wits; But, let the suff'rer gasp for life, The joke is then worth any money; And, if he writhe beneath a knife,-Oh dear, that's something quite too funny. In this respect, my Lord, you see The Roman wag and ours agree: Now as to your resemblance-mum-This parallel we need not follow; †

<sup>&</sup>quot; Ludibria seriis permiscere solitus."

<sup>†</sup> There is one point of resemblance between Tiberius and Lord "C. which Mr. Fudge might have mentioned—" suspensa semper et obscura verba."

Though 'tis, in Ireland, said by some
Your Lordship beats TIBERIUS hollow;
Whips, chains—but these are things too serious
For me to mention or discuss;
Whene'er your Lordship acts TIBERIUS,
PHIL, FUDGE's part is Tacitus!

. Sept. 2.

Was thinking, had Lord S—DM—TH got
Up any decent kind of Plot
Against the winter-time—if not,
Alas, alas, our ruin's fated;
All done up, and spifticated!
Ministers and all their vassals,
Down from C—TL——GH to CASTLES,—
Unless we can kick up a riot,
Ne'er can hope for peace or quiet!

What's to be done?—Spa-Fields was clever; But even that brought gibes and mockings Upon our heads—so, mem.—must never Keep ammunition in old stockings; For fear some wag should in his curst head Take it to say our force was worsted. Mem. too—when SID. an army raises, It must not be "incog." like Bayes's: Nor must the General be a hobbling Professor of the art of Cobbling; Lest men, who perpetrate such puns, Should say, with Jacobinic grin, He felt, from soleing Wellingtons, \* A Wellington's great soul within! Nor must an old Apothecary Go take the Tower, for lack of pence,

<sup>\*</sup> Short boots, so called.

With (what these wags would call, so merry)

Physical force and phial-ence!

No—no—our Plot, my Lord, must be

Next time contriv'd more skilfully.

John Bull, I grieve to say, is growing

So troublesomely sharp and knowing,

So wise—in short, so Jacobin—

'Tis monstrous hard to take him in.

Sept. 6.

Heard of the fate of our Ambassador
In China, and was sorely nettled;
But think, my Lord, we should not pass it o'er
Till all this matter's fairly settled;
And here's the mode occurs to me:—
As none of our Nobility
(Though for their own most gracious King
They would kiss hands, or—any thing)

Can be persuaded to go through

This farce-like trick of the Ko-tou;

And as these Mandarins won't bend,

Without some mumming exhibition,

Suppose, my Lord, you were to send

GRIMALDI to them on a mission:

As Legate Joe could play his part,

And if, in diplomatic art,

The "volto sciolto" \* 's meritorious,

Let Joe but grin, he has it, glorious!

A title for him 's easily made;
And, by the by, one Christmas time,

If I remember right, he play'd

Lord Morley in some pantomime;—

<sup>\*</sup> The open countenance, recommended by Lord Chesterfield.

<sup>†</sup> Mr. Fudge is a little mistaken here. It was not Grimaldi, but some very inferior performer, who played this part of "Lord Morley" in the pantomime,—so much to the horror of the distinguished

As Earl of M—RL—Y then gazette him,

If t'other Earl of M—RL—Y 'll let him.

(And why should not the world be blest

With two such stars, for East and West?)

Then, when before the Yellow Screen

He's brought—and, sure, the very essence Of etiquette would be that scene

Of JoE in the Celestial Presence!—
He thus should say:—"Duke Ho and Soo,

- "I'll play what tricks you please for you,
- " If you'll, in turn, but do for me
- "A few small tricks you now shall see.
- " If I consult your Emperor's liking,
- "At least you'll do the same for my King."

He then should give them nine such grins, As would astound ev'n Mandarins;

Earl of that name. The expostulatory letters of the Noble Earl to Mr. H-rr-s, upon this vulgar profanation of his spick-and-spannew title, will, I trust, some time or other, be given to the world.

And throw such somersets before

The picture of King George (God bless him!)

As, should Duke Ho but try them o'er,

Would, by CONFUCIUS, much distress him!

I start this merely as a hint,
But think you'll find some wisdom in't;
And, should you follow up the job,
My son, my Lord, (you know poor Bob)
Would in the suite be glad to go
And help his Excellency, Joe;—
At least, like noble AMH—RST's son,
The lad will do to practise on. \*

<sup>\*</sup> See Mr. Ellis's account of the Embassy.

#### LETTER X.

FROM MISS BIDDY FUDGE TO MISS DOROTHY ---.

Well, it is n't the King, after all, my dear creature!

But don't you go laugh, now—there's nothing to
quiz in't—

For grandeur of air and for grimness of feature,

He might be a King, Doll, though, hang him,
he is n't.

At first, I felt hurt, for I wish'd it, I own,

If for no other cause but to vex Miss Malone,—

(The great heiress, you know, of Shandangan, who's here,

Showing off with such airs, and a real Cashmere,\*
While mine's but a paltry, old rabbit-skin, dear!)
But says Pa, after deeply consid'ring the thing,
"I am just as well pleas'd it should not be the King;

- "As I think for my Biddy, so gentille and jolie,
  - "Whose charms may their price in an honest way fetch,
- "That a Brandenburgh"—(what is a Brandenburgh,
  DOLLY?)—
  - "Would be, after all, no such very great catch.
- "If the R—G—T indeed—" added he, looking sly—
  (You remember that comical squint of his eye)

<sup>\*</sup> See Lady Morgan's "France" for the anecdote, told her by Madame de Genlis, of the young gentleman whose love was cured by finding that his mistress wore a shawl "peau de lapin."

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But I stopped him with "La, Pa, how can you say so,
"When the R—g—T loves none but old women,
you know!"

Which is fact, my dear Dolly—we, girls of eighteen, And so slim—Lord, he'd think us not fit to be seen; And would like us much better as old—ay, as old As that Countess of Desmond, of whom I've been told That she liv'd to much more than a hundred and ten, And was kill'd by a fall from a cherry-tree then! What a frisky old girl! but—to come to my lover,

Who, though not a King, is a hero I'll swear,—
You shall hear all that's happen'd, just briefly run
over,

Since that happy night, when we whisk'd through the air!

Let me see—'twas on Saturday—yes, Dolly, yes— From that evening I date the first dawn of my bliss;

Transfer of the first

When we both rattled off in that dear little carriage; Whose journey, Bos says, is so like Love and Marriage, "Beginning gay, desperate, dashing, down-hilly, "And ending as dull as a six-inside Dilly!"\* Well, scarcely a wink did I sleep the night through, And, next day, having scribbled my letter to you, With a heart full of hope this sweet fellow to meet I set out with Papa, to see Louis Dix-Huit Make his bow to some half-dozen women and boys, Who get up a small concert of shrill Vive le Rois-And how vastly genteeler, my dear, even this is, Than vulgar Pall-Mall's oratorio of hisses! The gardens seem'd full-so, of course, we walk'd o'er 'em.

'Mong orange-trees, clipp'd into town-bred decorum, And daphnes, and vases, and many a statue There staring, with not ev'n a stitch on them, at you!

<sup>\*</sup> The cars, on the return, are dragged up slowly by a chain.

The ponds, too, we view'd—stood awhile on the brink
To contemplate the play of those pretty gold fishes—
"Live bullion," says merciless Bob, "which, I think,
"Would, if coin'd, with a little mint sauce, be
delicious!"

But what, Dolly, what, is the gay orange-grove, Or gold fishes to her that's in search of her love? In vain did I wildly explore every chair Where a thing like a man was—no lover sate there! In vain my fond eyes did I eagerly cast At the whiskers, mustachios, and wigs that went past, To obtain, if I could, but a glance at that curl, But a glimpse of those whiskers, as sacred, my girl, As the lock that, Pa says,\* is to Mussulmen giv'n, For the angel to hold by that "lugs them to heaven!"—

<sup>\*</sup> For this scrap of knowledge "Pa" was, I suspect, indebted to a note upon Volney's Ruins; a book which usually forms part of a Jacobin's library, and with which Mr. Fudge must have been well acquainted at the time when he wrote his "Down with Kings,"

Alas, there went by me full many a quiz,

And mustachios in plenty, but nothing like his!

Disappointed, I found myself sighing out "well-aday,"—

Thought of the words of T—MM—RE's Irish Melody,
Something about the "green spot of delight," \*

(Which, you know, Captain Macintosh sung to
us one day):

Ah Dolly, my "spot" was that Saturday night,

And its verdure, how fleeting, had wither'd by

Sunday!

&c. The note in Volney is as follows:—"It is by this tuft of hair, (on the crown of the head) worn by the majority of Mussulmans, that the Angel of the Tomb is to take the elect and carry them to Paradise."

\* The young lady, whose memory is not very correct, must allude, I think, to the following lines:—

Oh that fairy form is ne'er forgot,
Which First Love trac'd;
Still it ling'ring haunts the greenest spot
On Memory's waste!

We din'd at a tavern—La, what do I say?

If Bob was to know !—a Restaurateur's, dear :-Where your properest ladies go dine every day, And drink Burgundy out of large tumblers, like beer. Fine Bob (for he's really grown super-fine) Condescended, for once, to make one of the party; Of course, though but three, we had dinner for nine, And, in spite of my grief, love, I own I eat hearty. Indeed, Doll, I know not how 'tis, but, in grief, I have always found eating a wond'rous relief; And Bob, who's in love, said he felt the same, quite-"My sighs," said he," ceas'd with the first glass 1 drank you; "The lamb made me tranquil, the puffs made me light, "And-now that's all o'er-why, I'm-pretty

To my great annoyance, we sat rather late; For Bobby and Pa had a furious debate

well, thank you!"

About singing and cookery—Bobby, of course,
Standing up for the latter Fine Art in full force;
And Pa saying, "God only knows which is worst,
"The French singers or cooks, but I wish us well
over it—

"What with old Laïs and Ve'ry, I'm curst
"If my head or my stomach will ever recover it!"

'Twas dark, when we got to the Boulevards to stroll,
And in vain did I look 'mong the street Macaronis,
When, sudden, it struck me—last hope of my soul—
That some angel might take the dear man to
TORTONI's!\*

We enter'd—and, scarcely had Bob, with an air,

For a grappe à la jardinière call'd to the waiters,

When, oh Doll! I saw him—my hero was there,

(For I knew his white small-clothes and brown leather gaiters)

<sup>\*</sup> A fashionable café glacier on the Italian Boulevards.

A group of fair statues from Greece smiling o'er him,\*
And lots of red currant-juice sparkling before him!
Oh Dolly, these heroes—what creatures they are!

In the boudoir the same as in fields full of slaughter; As cool in the Beaujon's precipitous car,

As when safe at TORTONI's, o'er ic'd currant-water!

He join'd us—imagine, dear creature, my extasy—

Join'd by the man I'd have broken ten necks to see!

Bob wish'd to treat him with Punch à la glace,

But the sweet fellow swore that my beauté, my grace,

And my je-ne-sais-quoi (then his whiskers he twirl'd)

Were, to him, "on de top of all Ponch in de vorld."—

How pretty!—though oft (as, of course, it must be)

Both his French and his English are Greek, Doll,

But, in short, I felt happy as ever fond heart did; And happier still, when 'twas fix'd, ere we parted,

<sup>&</sup>quot; "You eat your ice at Tortoni's," says Mr. Scott, "under a Grecian group."

That, if the next day should be pastoral weather, we all would set off, in French buggies, together, To see Montmorency—that place which, you know, Issofamous for cherries and Jean Jacques Rousseau. His card then he gave us—the name, rather creas'd—But'twas Calicor—something—a Colonel, at least! After which—sure there never was hero so civil—he Saw us safe home to our door in Rue Rivoli, Where his last words, as, at parting, he threw A soft look o'er his shoulders, were—"how do you do!"\*

But, lord,—there's Papa for the post—I'm so vext— Montmorency must now, love, be kept for my next. That dear Sunday night!—I was charmingly drest, And—so providential!—was looking my best;

Not an unusual mistake with foreigners.

Such a sweet muslin gown, with a flounce—and my frills,

You've no notion how rich—(though Pa has by the bills)

And you'd smile had you seen, when we sat rather near,
Colonel Calicot eyeing the cambric, my dear.
Then the flow'rs in my bonnet—but, la, it's in vain—
So, good by, my sweet Doll—I shall soon write
again.

B. F.

Nota bene—our love to all neighbours about—Your Papa in particular—how is his gout?

P. S.—I've just open'd my letter to say,
In your next you must tell me (now do, Dolly, pray,
For I hate to ask Bob, he's so ready to quiz)
What sort of a thing, dear, a Brandenburgh is.

### LETTER XI.

FROM PHELIM CONNOR TO ----

YES—'twas a cause, as noble and as great
As ever hero died to vindicate—
A Nation's right to speak a Nation's voice,
And own no power but of the Nation's choice!
Such was the grand, the glorious cause that now
Hung trembling on Napoleon's single brow;
Such the sublime arbitrement, that pour'd,
In patriot eyes, a light around his sword,
A glory then, which never, since the day
Of his young victories, had illum'd its way!

Oh 'twas not then the time for tame debates, Ye men of Gaul, when chains were at your gates; When he, who fled before your Chieftain's eye, As geese from eagles on Mount Taurus fly.\* Denounc'd against the land, that spurn'd his chain, Myriads of swords to bind it fast again-Myriads of fierce invading swords, to track Through your best blood his path of vengeance back: When Europe's Kings, that never yet combin'd But (like those upper Stars, that, when conjoin'd, Shed war and pestilence) to scourge mankind, Gather'd around, with hosts from every shore, Hating NAPOLEON much, but Freedom more, And, in that coming strife, appall'd to see The world yet left one chance for liberty!-

<sup>\*</sup>See Ælian, Lib. 5. cap. 29—who tells us that these geese, from a consciousness of their own loquacity, always cross Mount Taurus with stones in their bills, to prevent any unlucky cackle from betraying them to the eagles—hamittoitai σίμπωντις.

No, 'twas not then the time to weave a net Of bondage round your Chief; to curb and fret Your veteran war-horse, pawing for the fight, When every hope was in his speed and might-To waste the hour of action in dispute, And coolly plan how Freedom's boughs should shoot, When your Invader's axe was at the root! No, sacred Liberty! that God, who throws Thy light around, like his own sunshine, knows How well I love thee, and how deeply hate All tyrants, upstart and Legitimate-Yet, in that hour, were France my native land, I would have followed, with quick heart and hand, NAPOLEON, NERO-ay, no matter whom-To snatch my country from that damning doom, That deadliest curse that on the conquer'd waits-A Conqueror's satrap, thron'd within her gates!

True, he was false—despotic—all you please—Had trampled down man's holiest liberties—Had, by a genius, form'd for nobler things
Than lie within the grasp of vulgar Kings,
But rais'd the hopes of men—as eaglets fly
With tortoises aloft into the sky—
To dash them down again more shatteringly!
\*All this I own—but still \* \* \*

\* Somebody (Fontenelle, I believe) has said, that if he had his hand full of truths, he would open but one finger at a time; and I find it necessary to use the same sort of reserve with respect to Mr. Phelim Connor's very plain-spoken letters. The remainder of this Epistle is so full of unsafe matter-of-fact, that it must, for the present at least, be withheld from the public.

## LETTER XII.

#### FROM MISS BIDDY FUDGE TO MISS DOROTHY -

At last, Dolly,—thanks to a potent emetic,
Which Bobby and Pa, with grimace sympathetic,
Have swallowed this morning, to balance the bliss
Of an eel matelote and a bisque d'écrevisses—
I've a morning at home to myself, and sit down
To describe you our heavenly trip out of town.
How agog you must be for this letter, my dear!
Lady Jane, in the novel, less languish'd to hear
If that elegant cornet she met at Lord Neville's
Was actually dying with love or—blue devils.

But Love, Dolly, Love is the theme I pursue;
With Blue Devils, thank heav'n, I have nothing to do—
Except, indeed, dear Colonel Calicor spies
Any imps of that colour in certain blue eyes,
Which he stares at till I, Doll, at his do the same;
Then he simpers—I blush—and would often exclaim,
If I knew but the French for it, "Lord, Sir, for shame!"

Well, the morning was lovely—the trees in full dress

For the happy occasion—the sunshine express—

Had we order'd it, dear, of the best poet going,

It scarce could be furnish'd more golden and glowing.

Though late when we started, the scent of the air

Was like Gattle's rose-water—and, bright, here

and there,

On the grass an odd dew-drop was glittering yet, Like my aunt's diamond pin on her green tabbinet! And the birds seem'd to warble as blest on the boughs,

As if each a plum'd Calicot had for her spouse;

And the grapes were all blushing and kissing in rows,

And—in short, need I tell you, wherever one goes

With the creature one loves, 'tis all couleur de rose;

And, ah, I shall ne'er, liv'd I ever so long, see

A day such as that at divine Montmorency!

There was but one drawback—at first when we started,

The Colonel and I were inhumanly parted;
How cruel—young hearts of such moments to rob!
He went in Pa's buggy, and I went with Bob;
And, I own, I felt spitefully happy to know
That Papa and his comrade agreed but so-so.
For the Colonel, it seems, is a stickler of Boney's—
Serv'd with him, of course—nay, I'm sure they were

So martial his features! dear Doll, you can trace Ulm, Austerlitz, Lodi, as plain in his face
As you do on that pillar of glory and brass,\*
Which the poor Duc DE B—RI must hate so to pass!
It appears, too, he made—as most foreigners do—About English affairs an odd blunder or two.
For example—misled by the names, I dare say—He confounded JACK CASTLES with Lord C——GH;
And—such a mistake as no mortal hit ever on—Fancied the present Lord C—MD—N the clever one!

But politics ne'er were the sweet fellow's trade;
'Twas for war and the ladies my Colonel was made.

And, oh, had you heard, as together we walk'd

Thro' that beautiful forest, how sweetly he talk'd;

And how perfectly well he appear'd, Doll, to know

All the life and adventures of Jean Jacques Rous-

SEAU !-

<sup>\*</sup> The column in the Place Vendome.

"Twas there," said he—not that his words I can state—

'Twas a gibb'rish that Cupid alone could translate;— But "there," said he (pointing where, small and remote,

The dear Hermitage rose), "there his JULIE he wrote,—

- "Upon paper gilt-edg'd,\* without blot or erasure;
- "Then sanded it over with silver and azure,
- "And-oh, what will genius and fancy not do?-
- "Tied the leaves up together with nompareille blue!"

What a trait of Rousseau! what a crowd of emotions

From sand and blue ribbons are conjur'd up here!

<sup>\*&</sup>quot; Employant pour cela le plus beau papier doré, séchant l'écriture avec de la poudre d'azur et d'argent, et cousant mes cahiers avec de la nompareille bleue."—Les Confessions, Part 2, liv. 9.

Alas, that a man of such exquisite\* notions

Should send his poor brats to the Foundling, my
dear!

"Twas here, too, perhaps," Colonel Calicot said—
As down the small garden he pensively led—
(Though once I could see his sublime forehead wrinkle

With rage not to find there the lov'd periwinkle) †

• This word, "exquisite," is evidently a favourite of Miss Fudge's; and I understand she was not a little angry when her brother Bob committed a pun on the last two syllables of it in the following couplet:—

"I'd fain praise your Poem—but tell me, how is it When I cry out "Exquisite," Echo cries "quiz it?"

† The flower which Rousseau brought into such fashion among the Parisians, by exclaiming one day, "Ah, voilà de la pervenche!"

- "Twas here he receiv'd from the fair D'EPINAY,"
- " (Who call'd him so sweetly her Bear, \* every day,)
- "That dear flannel petticoat, pull'd off to form
- "A waistcoat, to keep the enthusiast warm!" †

Such, Doll, were the sweet recollections we ponder'd,
As, full of romance, through that valley we wander'd.
The flannel (one's train of ideas, how odd it is!)
Led us to talk about other commodities,
Cambric, and silk, and—I ne'er shall forget,
For the sun was then hast'ning in pomp to its set,

<sup>\* &</sup>quot;Mon ours, voilà votre asyle—et vous, mon ours, ne viendrez-vous pas aussi?"—&c. &c.

<sup>†&</sup>quot; Un jour, qu'il geloit très fort, en ouvrant un paquet qu'elle m'envoyoit, je trouvai un petit jupon de flanelle d'Angleterre, qu'elle me marquoit avoir porté, et dont elle vouloit que je me fisse faire un gilet. Ce soin, plus qu'amical, me parut si tendre, comme si elle se fût dépouillée pour me vétir, que, dans mon émotion, je baisai vingt fois en pleurant le billet et le jupon."

And full on the Colonel's dark whiskers shone down, When he ask'd me, with eagerness,—who made my gown?

The question confus'd me—for, Doll, you must know, And I ought to have told my best friend long ago, That, by Pa's strict command, I no longer employ. That enchanting couturière, Madame LE Roi, But am forc'd, dear, to have Victorine, whodeuce take her!—

It seems is, at present, the King's mantua-maker—
I mean of his party—and, though much the smartest,
LE Roi is condemn'd as a rank Bonapartist.†

<sup>\*</sup>Miss Biddy's notions of French pronunciation may be perceived in the rhymes which she always selects for "Le Roi."

<sup>†</sup> LE ROI, who was the Couturière of the Empress Maria Louisa, is at present, of course, out of fashion, and is succeeded in her station by the Royalist mantua-maker, VICTORINE.

Think, Doll, how confounded I look'd—so well knowing

The Colonel's opinions—my cheeks were quite glowing;

I stammer'd out something—nay, even half nam'd. The legitimate sempstress, when, loud, he exclaim'd, "Yes, yes, by the stitching 'tis plain to be seen "It was made by that Bourbonite b——h, VICTO-

What a word for a hero!—but heroes will err,
And I thought, dear, I'd tell youthings just as they were.
Besides, though the word on good manners intrench,
I assure you 'tis not half so shocking in French.

But this cloud, though embarrassing, soon pass'd away, And the bliss altogether, the dreams of that day, The thoughts that arise, when such dear fellows woo

us,-

The nothings that then, love, are every thing to us-

That quick correspondence of glances and sighs,

And what BoB calls the "Twopenny-Post of the

Eyes"——

Ah Doll! though I know you've a heart, 'tis in vain To a heart so unpractis'd these things to explain. They can only be felt, in their fulness divine, By her who has wander'd, at evening's decline, Through a valley like that, with a Colonel like mine!

But here I must finish—for Bob, my dear Dolly, Whom physic, I find, always makes melancholy, Is seiz'd with a fancy for church-yard reflections; And, full of all yesterday's rich recollections, Is just setting off for Montmartre—"for there is," Said he, looking solemn, "the tomb of the Ve'rys!\*

<sup>\*</sup> It is the brother of the present excellent Restaurateur who lies entombed so magnificently in the Cimetière Montmartre. The inscription on the column at the head of the tomb concludes with the following words—" Toute sa vie fut consacrée aux arts utiles."

"O'er the grave of such talents to utter my moans;
"And, to-day—as my stomach is not in good cue
"For the flesh of the Ve'res—I'll visit their bones!"
He insists upon my going with him—how teasing!
This letter, however, dear Dolly, shall lie
Unseal'd in my draw'r, that, if any thing pleasing
Occurs while I'm out, I may tell you—good bye.

B. F. ,

Four o'Clock.

Oh Dolly, dear Dolly, I'm ruin'd for ever—
I ne'er shall be happy again, Dolly, never!
To think of the wretch—what a victim was I!
'Tis too much to endure—I shall die, I shall die—My brain's in a fever—my pulses beat quick—I shall die, or, at least, be exceedingly sick!
Oh, what do you think? after all my romancing,
My visions of glory, my sighing, my glancing,

This Colonel—I scarce can commit it to paper—
This Colonel's no more than a vile linen-draper!!
'Tis true as I live—I had coax'd brother Bob so
(You'll hardly make out what I'm writing, I sob so)
For some little gift on my birth-day—September
The thirtieth, dear, I'm eighteen, you remember—
That Bob to a shop kindly order'd the coach,
(Ah, little I thought who the shopman would prove)

To be speak me a few of those mouchoirs de poche,
Which, in happier hours, I have sigh'd for, my
love,—

(The most beautiful things—two Napoleons the

And one's name in the corner embroider'd so nice!)
Well, with heart full of pleasure, I enter'd the shop,
But—ye Gods, what a phantom!—I thought I should
drop—

There he stood, my dear Dolly-no room for a doubt-

There, behind the vile counter, these eyes saw him stand,

With a piece of French cambric, before him roll'd out,
And that horrid yard-measure uprais'd in his hand!
Oh—Papa, all along, knew the secret, 'tis clear—
'Twas a shopman he meant by a "Brandenburgh,"
dear!

The man, whom I fondly had fancied a King,
And, when that too delightful illusion was past,
As a hero had worshipp'd—vile, treacherous thing—
To turn out but a low linen-draper at last!
My head swam around—the wretch smil'd, I believe,
But his smiling, alas, could no longer deceive—
I fell back on Bob—my whole heart seem'd to wither—
And, pale as a ghost, I was carried back hither!

I only remember that Bob, as I caught him,
With cruel facetiousness said—"curse the Kiddy!
"A staunch Revolutionist always I've thought
him,

"But now I find out he's a Counter one, BIDDY!"

Only think, my dear creature, if this should be known

To that saucy, satirical thing, Miss MALONE!

What a story 'twill be at Shandangan for ever!

What laughs and what quizzing she'll have with the men!

It will spread through the country—and never, oh, never

Can Biddy be seen at Kilrandy again!

Farewell—I shall do something desp'rate, I fcar—

And, ah! if my fate ever reaches your ear,

One tear of compassion my Doll will not grudge
To her poor—broken-hearted—young friend
BIDDY FUDGE.

Nota bene—I'm sure you will hear, with delight,
That we're going, all three, to see BRUNET to-night.
A laugh will revive me—and kind Mr. Cox
(Do you know him?) has got us the Governor's box!

# NOTES.

Oh this learning, what a thing it is!

SHAKSPEARE.



# NOTES.

#### Page 16.

So Ferdinand embroiders gaily.

It would be an edifying thing to write a history of the private amusements of sovereigns, tracing them down from the fly-sticking of Domitian, the mole-catching of Artabanus, the hog-mimicking of Parmenides, the horse-currying of Aretas, to the petticoat-embroidering of Ferdinand, and the patience-playing of the P——e R——t!

## Page 24.

Your curst tea and toast.

Is Mr. Bob aware that his contempt for tea renders him liable to a charge of atheism? Such, at least, is the opinion cited in Christian. Falster. Amænitat. Philolog.—" Atheum interpretabatur hominem ad herbâ The aversum." He would not, I think, have been so irreverent to this beverage of scholars, if he had read Peter Petit's Poem in praise of Tea, addressed to the learned Huet—or the Epigraphe which Pechlinus wrote for an altar he meant to dedicate to this herb—or the Anacreontics of Peter Francius, in which he calls Tea

GEAV, SENV, Scalvar.

The following passage from one of these Anacreontics will, I have no doubt, be gratifying to all true Theists.

Θεοις, θεων τε πατρι
Εν χρυσεοις σχυφοισι
Διδοι το νεκταρ Ηβη.
Σε μοι διαχονοιντο
Σχυφοις εν μυρχινοισι,
Τω καλλεί πρεπασαι
Καλαις χερεσσι χαραι.

Which may be thus translated.

Yes, let Hebe, ever young,
High in heav'n her Nectar hold,
And to Jove's immortal throng
Pour the tide in cups of gold—
I'll not envy heaven's Princes,
While, with snowy hands, for me,
KATE the china tea-cup rinses,
And pours out her best Bohea!

Page 36.

Here break we off, at this unhallow'd name.

The late lord C. of Ireland had a curious theory about names—he held that every man with three names was a jacobin. His instances in Ireland were numerous:—viz. Archibald Hamilton Rowan, Theobald Wolfe Tone, James Napper Tandy, John Philpot Curran, &c. &c. and, in England, he produced as examples Charles

James Fox, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, John Horne Tooke, Francis Burdett Jones, &c. &c.

The Romans called a thief " homo trium literarum."

Tun' trium literarum homo

Me vituperas? Fur.\*

Plautus, Aulular. Act 2. Scene 4.

#### Page 42.

The Testament, turn'd into melodrames nightly.

"The Old Testament," says the theatrical Critic in the Gazette de France, "is a mine of gold for the managers of our small play-houses. A multitude crowd round the Théatre de la Gaité every evening to see the Passage of the Red Sea."

In the play-bill of one of these sacred melo-drames at Vienna, we find "The Voice of G—d, by M. Schwartz"

#### Page 59.

Turns from his victims to his glees, And has them both well executed.

How amply these two propensities of the Noble Lord would have been gratified among that antient people of Etruria, who, as Aris-

\* Dissaldeus supposes this word to be a glossema:—that is, he thinks "Fur" has made his escape from the margin into the text-

totle tells us, used to whip their slaves once a year to the sound of flutes!

Page 64. . Note.

No one can suspect Boileau of a sneer at his royal master, but the following lines, intended for praise, look very like one. Describing the celebrated passage of the Rhine, during which Louis remained on the safe side of the river, he says

> Louis, les animant du feu de son courage, Se plaint de sa grandeur, qui l'attache au rivage! Epit. 4.

> > Page 90.

Till five o'clock brings on that hour so momentous.

Had Mr. Bob's Dinner Epistle been inserted, I was prepared with an abundance of learned matter to illustrate it, for which, as, indeed, for all my "scientia popine,"\* I am indebted to a friend in the Dublin University,—whose reading formerly lay in the magic line; but, in consequence of the Provost's enlightened alarm at such studies, he has taken to the authors "de re cibariá" instead; and has left Bodin, Remigius, Agrippa and his little dog, Filiolus, for Apicius, Nonius, and that most learned and savoury jesuit, Bulengerus.

<sup>\*</sup> Seneca.

Page 90.

Note.

Lampreys, indeed, seem to have been always a favourite dish with Kings—whether from some congeniality betwen them and that fish, I know not; but Dio Cassius tells us that Poliio fattened his lampreys with human blood. St. Louis of France was particularly fond of them.—See the anecdote of Thomas Aquinas eating up his majesty's lamprey, in a note upon Rabelais, liv. 3. chap. 2.

#### Page 117.

" Live bullion," says merciless Bob, " which I think

"Would, if coin'd with a little mint sauce, be delicious!"

Mr. Bob need not be ashamed of his cookery jokes, when he is kept in countenance by such men as Cicero, St. Augustine, and that jovial bishop, Venantius Fortunatus. The pun of the great orator upon the "jus Verrinum," which he calls bad hog-broth, from a play upon both the words, is well known; and the Saint's puns upon the conversion of Lot's wife into salt are equally ingenious:—"In salem conversa hominibus fidelibus quoddam præstitit condimentum, quo sapiant aliquid, unde illud caveatur exemplum."—de Civitat. Dei, Lib. 16. cap. 30.—The jokes of the pious favourite of Queen Radagunda, the convivial Bishop Venantius, may be found among his poems, in some lines against a cook who had robbed him. The following is similar to Cicero's pun.

Plus juscella Coci quam mea jura valent.

See his poems, Corpus Poetar. Latin. Tom. 2. p. 1732.—Of the same kind was Montmaur's joke, when a dish was spilt over him—" summum jus, summa injuria;" and the same celebrated parasite, in ordering a sole to be placed before him, said

Eligi cui dicas, tu mihi sola places.

The reader may likewise see, among a good deal of kitchen erudition, the learned Lipsius's jokes on cutting up a capon in his Saturnal. Sermon. Lib. 2. cap. 2.

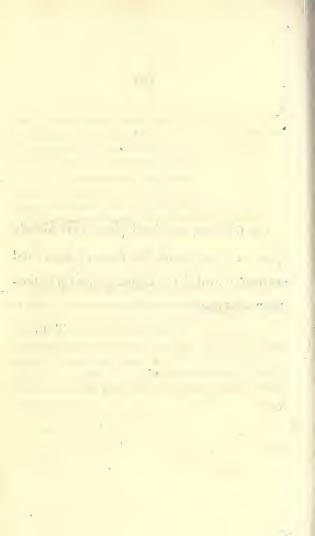
#### Page 120.

Upon singing and cookery, Bobby, of course, Standing up for the latter Fine Art in full force.

Cookery has been dignified by the researches of a Bacon; (see his Natural History, Receipts, &c.) and takes its station as one of the Fine Arts in the following passage of Mr. Dugald Stewart.—
"Agreeably to this view of the subject, sweet may be said to be intrinsically pleasing, and bitter to be relatively pleasing; which both are, in many cases, equally essential to those effects, which, in the art of cookery, correspond to that composite beauty, which it is the object of the painter and of the poet to create." Philosophical Essays.

The following occasional pieces have already appeared in my friend Mr. Perry's paper, and are here, "by desire of several persons of distinction," reprinted.

T. B.



#### LINES ON THE DEATH OF MR. P-RC-V-L.

In the dirge we sung o'er him no censure was heard,
Unembitter'd and free did the tear-drop descend;
We forgot, in that hour, how the statesman had err'd,
And wept for the husband, the father, and friend!

Oh, proud was the meed his integrity won,

And gen'rous indeed were the tears that we shed,

When, in grief, we forgot all the ill he had done,

And, though wrong'd by him, living, bewail'd

him, when dead.

Even now, if one harsher emotion intrude,
'Tis to wish he had chosen some lowlier state,
Had known what he was—and, content to be good,
Had ne'er, for our ruin, aspir'd to be great.

So, left through their own little orbit to move,

His years might have roll'd inoffensive away;

His children might still have been bless'd with his
love,

And England would ne'er have been curs'd with his sway.

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To the Editor of the Morning Chronicle. Sir;

In order to explain the following Fragment, it is necessary to refer your readers to a late florid description of the Pavilion at Brighton, in the apartments of which, we are told, "Fum, The Chinese Bird of Royalty," is a principal ornament.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

FUM AND HUM, THE TWO BIRDS OF ROYALTY.

A FRAGMENT.

One day the Chinese Bird of Royalty, Fum,
Thus accosted our own Bird of Royalty, Hum,
In that Palace or China-shop (Brighton, which is it?)
Where Fum had just come to pay Hum a short visit.—
Near akin are these Birds, though they differ in nation,

(The breed of the Hums is as old as creation)

Both, full-craw'd Legitimates—both, birds of prey,
Both, cackling and ravenous creatures, half way
"Twixt the goose and the vulture, like Lord
C—stl——GH;

While Fum deals in Mandarins, Bonzes, Bohea,
Peers, Bishops, and Punch, Hum, are sacred to thee!
So congenial their tastes, that, when Fum first did
light on

The floor of that grand China-warehouse at Brighton,
The lanterns, and dragons, and things round the
dome

Were so like what he left, "Gad," says Fum,
"I'm at home."—

And when, turning, he saw Bishop L—GE,
"Zooks, it is,"

Quoth the Bird, "yes—I know him—a Bonze, by his phyz—

- "And that jolly old idol he kneels to so low
- "Can be none but our round-about godhead, fat

It chanc'd, at this moment, th' Episcopal Prig
Was imploring the P——E to dispense with his wig,\*
Which the Bird, overhearing, flew high o'er his head,
And some TOBIT-like marks of his patronage shed,
Which so dimm'd the poor Dandy's idolatrous eye,
That, while FUM cried "oh Fo!" all the Court
cried "oh fie!"

But, a truce to digression—these Birds of a feather Thus talk'd, t'other night, on State matters together: (The P——E just in bed, or about to depart for't, His legs full of gout, and his arms full of ——,)

<sup>\*</sup> In consequence of an old promise, that he should be allowed to wear his own hair, whenever he might be elevated to a Bishopric by his R——I H———ss.

"I say, Hum," says Fum—Fum, of course, spoke

But, bless you, that's nothing—at Brighton one sees

Foreign lingoes and Bishops translated with ease—
"I say, Hum, how fares it with Royalty now?
"Is it up? is it prime? is it spooney—or how?"
(The Bird had just taken a flash-man's degree
Under B——E, Y——TH, and young Master
L——)

"As for us in Pekin'"—here, a dev'l of a din

From the bed-chamber came, where that long Mandarin,

C—STL—GH (whom FUM calls the Confusius of Prose)

....

Was rehearing a speech upon Europe's repose To the deep, double bass of the fat Idol's nose! (Nota bene—his Lordship and L-v-RP—L come,
In collateral lines, from the old Mother Hum,
C-stl——GH a Hum-bug—L-v-RP—L a Humdrum.)

The Speech being finish'd, out rush'd C—stl—GH, Saddled Hum in a hurry, and, whip, spur, away!

Through the regions of air, like a Snip on his hobby, Ne'er paus'd, till he lighted in St. Stephen's lobby.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF SH-R-D-N.

Principibus placuisse viris.-HORAT.

YES, grief will have way—but the fast falling tear
Shall be mingled with deep execrations on those,
Who could bask in that Spirit's meridian career,
And yet leave it thus lonely and dark at its close:—

Whose vanity flew round him, only while fed

By the odour his fame in its summer-time gave;

Whose vanity now, with quick scent for the dead,

Like the Ghole of the East, comes to feed at his

grave!

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Oh! it sickens the heart to see bosoms so hollow,
And spirits so mean in the great and high-born;
To think what a long line of titles may follow
The relics of him who died—friendless and lorn!

How proud they can press to the fun'ral array

Of one, whom they shunn'd in his sickness and

sorrow:—

How bailiffs may seize his last blanket, to-day, Whose pall shall be held up by nobles, to-morrow!

And Thou, too, whose life, a sick epicure's dream,
Incoherent and gross, even grosser had pass'd,
Were it not for that cordial and soul-giving beam,
Which his friendship and wit o'er thy nothingness
cast:—

No, not for the wealth of the land, that supplies thee
With millions to heap upon Foppery's shrine;—

No, not for the riches of all who despise thee,

Tho' this would make Europe's whole opulence

mine;—

Would I suffer what—ev'n in the heart that thou hast—

All mean as it is—must have consciously burn'd,
When the pittance, which shame had wrung from
thee at last,

And which found all his wants at an end, was return'd!\*

"Was this then the fate!"—future ages will say,
When some names shall live but in history's curse;
When Truth will be heard, and these Lords of a day
Be forgotten as fools, or remember'd as worse;—

<sup>\*</sup> The sum was two hundred pounds--affered when Sh-r-d-n could no longer take any sustenance, and declined, for him, by his friends.

- "Was this then the fate of that high-gifted man,
  "The pride of the palace, the bower and the hall,
- "The orator—dramatist—minstrel,—who ran
  - "Through each mode of the lyre, and was master of all!
- "Whose mind was an essence, compounded with art
  "From the finest and best of all other men's
  powers;—
- "Who ruled, like a wizard, the world of the heart,
  And could call up its sunshine, or bring down
  its showers!
- "Whose humour, as gay as the fire-fly's light,
  "Play'd round every subject, and shone as it
  play'd;—
- "Whose wit, in the combat, as gentle as bright,
  - " Ne'er carried a heart-stain away on its blade; -

- "Whose cloquence—bright'ning whatever it tried,
  "Whether reason or fancy, the gay or the grave,—
- "Was as rapid, as deep, and as brilliant a tide,
  "As ever bore Freedom aloft on its wave!"

Yes—such was the man, and so wretched his fate;—
And thus, sooner or later, shall all have to grieve,
Who waste their morn's dew in the beams of the Great,
And expect 'twill return to refresh them at eve!

In the woods of the North there are insects that prey
On the brain of the elk till his very last sigh; \*
Oh, Genius! thy patrons, more cruel than they,
First feed on thy brains, and then leave thee to die!

<sup>\*</sup> Naturalists have observed that, upon dissecting an elk, there was found in its head some large flies, with its brain almost eaten away by them.—History of Poland.

#### EPISTLE

FROM

#### TOM CRIBB TO BIG BEN

CONCERNING SOME FOUL PLAY IN A LATE TRANSACTION.

" Ahi, mio BEN!"-METASTASIO. †

WHAT! BEN, my old hero, is this your renown?

Is this the new go?—kick a man when he's down!

When the foe has knock'd under, to tread on him

then—

By the fist of my father, I blush for thee, BEN!
"Foul! foul!" all the lads of the fancy exclaim—

<sup>\*</sup> Written soon after Bonaparte's transportation to St. Helena.

<sup>†</sup> Tom, I suppose, was "assisted" to this Motto by Mr. Jackson, who, it is well known, keeps the most learned company going,

CHARLEY SHOCK is electrified—Belcher spits flame—

And MOLYNEUX—ay, even BLACKY cries "shame!"
Time was, when JOHN BULL little difference spied
'Twixt the foe at his feet, and the friend at his side;
When he found (such his humour in fighting and eating)

His foe, like his beef-steak, the sweeter for beating— But this comes, Master BEN, of your curst foreign notions,

Your trinkets, wigs, thingumbobs, gold lace and lotions;

Your Noyaus, Curaçoas, and the Devil knows what— (One swig of Blue Ruin\* is worth the whole lot!)

Your great and small crosses—(my eyes, what a brood!

A cross-buttock from me would do some of them good!)

Which have spoilt you, till hardly a drop, my old porpoise,

Of pure English claret is left in your corpus;

And (as Jim says) the only one trick, good or bad,
Of the fancy you're up to, is fibbing, my lad!

Hence it comes,—Boxiana, disgrace to thy page!—
Having floor'd, by good luck, the first swell of the age,
Having conquer'd the prime one, that mill'd us all round,

You kick'd him, old Ben, as he gasp'd on the ground!

Ay—just at the time to show spunk, if you'd got any—

Kick'd him, and jaw'd him, and lug'd \* him to Botany!

Oh, shade of the Cheesemonger! † you, who, alas! Doubled up, by the dozen, those Mounseers in brass,

<sup>\*</sup> Transported.

<sup>†</sup> A Life Guardsman, one of the Fancy, who distinguished himself, and was killed in the memorable set-to at Waterloo.

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On that great day of milling, when blood lay in lakes, When Kings held the bottle, and Europe the stakes, Look down upon Ben—see him, dunghill all o'er, Insult the fall'n foe, that can harm him no more; Out, cowardly spooney!—again and again, By the fist of my father, I blush for thee, Ben. 'To shew the white feather is many men's doom, But, what of one feather?—Ben shows a whole Plume.

THE END.

T. DAVISON, LOMBARD-STREET, WHITEFRIARS, LONDON.













Moore, Thomas Intercepted letters



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